

T H E

MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE:

O R,

MONTHLY MUSEUM

OF

KNOWLEDGE and RATIONAL ENTERTAINMENT.

No. X.]—For OCTOBER, 1789.—[Vol. I.

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Ornamented with a well engraved HEAD of MR. NECKER; and three Pieces of MUSICK, printed Typographically.

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BY ISAIAH THOMAS AND EBENEZER T. ANDREWS.

Sold at their Bookstore, No. 45, NEWBURY STREET, by said THOMAS at his Bookstore in WORCESTER, and by the several Gentlemen who receive Subscriptions for this Work.

IN order to make amends for the number of pages taken up with the new *American Comedy*, which will doubtless be gratifying to many of our readers, we have given an addition of eight pages, to the Magazine for this month.

Several valuable communications, from obliging friends, which through hurry are not particularly mentioned in the Acknowledgments, will be duly attended to, and additional favours are solicited.

To CORRESPONDENTS, PROSAICAL and POETICAL.

We are sorry we cannot comply with the wish of a much respected correspondent, in publishing the Epistles of *Fidelio to Serena*. We do not think them sufficiently interesting for our work. Hope this noncompliance will not tend to preclude any favours he may have in reserve for us.

A *Lover of the Mathematicks* shall hereafter be gratified; and we now so far comply with his request, as to inform our Mathematical Friends that a few Questions will sometimes be inserted, if on curious or useful subjects. It is wished all Answers may be accompanied with Solutions, unless too prolix for a Magazine. Both Querist and Respondent will please to be as concise and perspicuous as possible.

History of the Rattl-snake forms a valuable addition to our collection of American Natural History.

Sketches of Mr. Necker thankfully received. Foreigners of distinguished eminence, as citizens of the world, claim our notice.

The *Dreamer and Reformer* are unavoidably omitted.

The *General Observer*, No. X. did not come to hand.

Eulogium in honour of *Constantia*, adds another elegant writer to the American *Sewards*.

Mr. George's *Elegy* leads to the anticipation of a beautiful *Thanksgiving Ode*.

Lavina's sentimental favours are ever agreeable, and a continuance of them is requested.

Fragment from the Welsh is not without merit. The rude wildness of early poetry pleases amid refinement.

Several Rebusses, &c. are under consideration; and others are omitted from real tenderness for the authors.

Epigram upon *Sir Balaam*, inadmissible. His *Ass* never spake unto us.

Gallantrick, dedicated to the Fair, is — we don't know what.

Epitaph on a *Rake*, is *puhy punical*.

Couplet to Mr. —, the pathos of nonsense.

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N^oX Engraved for the *Marsa*. May Oct. 1789. Vol.





THE
MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE:
OR,
MONTHLY MUSEUM
OF
KNOWLEDGE and RATIONAL ENTERTAINMENT.

*Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci,
Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo. — HORACE.*

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH of M. NECKER, Prime Minister, and the present IDOL of the People of FRANCE.

[With his HEAD neatly engraved.]

THE late important revolution in France—a Revolution which it is supposed was brought about by a spark from the Columbian altar of liberty, and in a kingdom with which these states are so nearly connected, arrests the attention of all ranks; a short account, therefore, of the man who has so great an influence in the politicks of the country of our allies, and who seems to have been the happy instrument of restoring to the citizens of that country their ancient rights and privileges, cannot be unacceptable to the readers of the Massachusetts Magazine. It is not intended here to give any particulars of the revolution—the Newspapers abound with them; the account will be confined to that truly great personage M. Necker. The annals of mankind have seldom shewn in one individual

what is to be found in the accomplished minister of France—an union of politicks and philosophy; a mind adapted equally to the elevation of sublime contemplation, and to the low drudgery of official business; a temper formed to bear prosperity without insolence, and adversity without discontent: In short, that assemblage of qualities now so rarely met with, but were once possessed by, and conferred renown on, some of the greatest men of antiquity.

Monsieur Necker is a Swiss by birth; his ancestors originally from Custrin. His father was a professor at Geneva, who gave him an ordinary education. All that is known of his early years is, that he frequently obtained the prize for his performances at his college. In his youth he inclined to poetical pursuits; and among other pieces, wrote

wrote three comedies, wherein, one of his panegyrics, affords, may be found the wit and spirit of Moliere; and even at the time that he was so distinguished a Financier at the court of France, he sometimes submitted to descend from his attention to the vast concerns with which he was intrusted, and un-bent his mind by poetical indulgences. A satirical eulogium, entitled, "The happiness of fools," in imitation of Erasmus's praise of folly, exhibits strong marks of a mind capable of very opposite pursuits. At the age of twenty years he wrote a comedy, after the manner of the *Femmes Savantes* of Moliere, which his friends highly applauded, but without being able to prevail with him to permit its representation. He entered very young in the office of his uncle Mons. Vernet at Paris, and in the course of a year was found sufficiently qualified to take the direction of the house. M. Necker was formerly concerned in trade, had two or three houses, one of which was in Germany, and another in the Netherlands—he had a partner by the name of Thellusson—the firm was Necker and Thellusson. When he was about twenty five years of age he became known to the Abbe Raynal, who soon discovered in him those great powers of mind which promised to bring about an era in the finances of France. He saw the interests of commerce with the eyes of a politician and a philosopher, of which his inquiries into the affairs of the EastIndia company may be adduced as a proof. Of his early writings we may mention his *Eloge on Colbert*, which obtained the prize at a celebrated Academy in 1773; his treatise on the trade of corn, of which four editions were printed in the space of one month; his collection of edicts, with notes, presented to the French King; his treatise on the administration of provinces; and his *Compte rendu au Roi*.

These laborious works, though sufficient to fill up the time of most men, have not so entirely occupied Mr. Necker as to prevent him from mixing in the world, where his deportment has been marked with those traits of politeness and good breeding which were so much prized by the late

Lord Chesterfield. At the time of a great scarcity, Geneva, the place of his education, was indebted to him for many beneficial advices. In 1770 he went to London, where he very speedily made himself master of the theory of the English funds. At the end of that year he was named Director of the Royal Treasury in France, and in the year after Director-general of the finances. Removed from this elevated situation, he preferred in his retreat the general esteem of mankind; the nation which he had governed adored him for his integrity, and the minister who succeeded him frequently asked his assistance. He constantly refused every gratification which his Sovereign was desirous of making him. His house was built according to his rank and fortune; but in the midst of his wealth he had preferred in his person the simplicity of a sage.

In 1765, he married Madame Churchod, daughter of the Pastor of Crafty, in the country of Vandois. She had, joined to a learned education given by her father, all the accomplishments of her sex. Employed like her husband in the service of humanity, she has contributed very greatly to the reformation of the hospitals. Her husband, however, hath made the best eulogium on her in his *Compte rendu au Roi*.

During the time of his retirement he wrote a very excellent work on the importance of religious opinions, calculated to stem the torrent of infidelity which so generally prevails in Europe. "It appears to me," says he in the introduction, "that there are interests which may be considered as patriotic by intelligent and feeling beings; and while the inhabitants of the same country, and the subjects of the same Prince, employ themselves diligently in one common plan of defence, the citizens of the world ought to be incessantly anxious to give every new and possible support to those exalted opinions on which the true greatness of their existence is founded; which preserves the imagination from that frightful spectacle of an existence without origin, of action without liberty, and futurity without hope. Thus after having, as I think, proved myself a citizen of France by my administration,

as well as my writings, I wish to unite myself to a fraternity still more extended, that of the whole human race : It is thus, without dispersing our sentiments, we may be able, nevertheless, to communicate ourselves a great way off, and enlarge in some measure the limits of our circle : Glory be to our thinking faculties for it ! to that spiritual portion of ourselves which can take in the past, dart into futurity, and intimately associate itself with the destiny of men of all countries and of all ages. Without doubt a veil is thrown over the greater part of those truths to which our curiosity would willingly attain ; but those which a beneficent God has permitted us to see, are amply sufficient for our guide and instruction ; and we cannot for a continuance divert our attention without a species of slothful negligence, and a total indifference to the supererior interests of man. How little is every thing indeed when put in competition with those meditations which give to our existence a new extent, and which, in detaching us from the dust of the earth, seem to unite our souls to an infinity of space, and our duration of a day to the eternity of time ! Above all, it is for you to determine, who have sensibility, who feel the want of a Supreme Being, and who seek to find in Him that support so necessary to your weakness ; that defender, and that assurance, without which painful inquietude will be perpetually tormenting you and troubling those soft tender affections which constitute your happiness." The whole of this excellent work deserves a very attentive perusal.

Among the advantages which the European world is indebted to this statesman for, we ought not to forget the pains he has taken to introduce foreign plants to the climate of France. Many experiments he has made to naturalize the bread tree brought from Surinam. The produce of this vegetable may hereafter become a very valuable present to Europe, and future times may have cause to bless the person who introduced it.

M. Necker is entitled to the thanks of every Frenchman for his attention to the canal in Picardy, an enterprize by many supposed to be impracticable.

By his persuasions, artificers have been sent to different places, and the scheme is now deemed possible to be executed. The work is again recommenced, and is expected to be finished in two years. When this work is completed, the communication will be open by water from Amsterdam to Nantz, and when the Loire is joined to the Saone, as it is proposed, it will extend to Beaucaire.

The affairs of France were such, soon after M. Necker's dismissal, as again to require his aid—he obeyed the call of his King, and returned. After some time, it was thought necessary to call a national assembly of that kingdom—many of the first nobility were against the measure, and strongly opposed it—it was however convened—matters ripened to a crisis—the friends of an arbitrary and despotic government viewed M. Necker with a jealous eye—they wished to get rid of him by any means—many injurious reports were disseminated by his enemies ; one among many to excite the popular rage against him, was, that he was the principal cause of the scarcity of corn ; for, during the late revolution in France, that country was threatened with famine. This plan was unsuccessful, and M. de Mirabeau, who, being imposed on by the nobles, had brought forward an impeachment against him on this account in the national assembly, retracted it as soon as he was undeceived, and acknowledged his error. Poisson, it is said, was frequently attempted, but as often failed. At length after going through a very disagreeable scene with the King, and his opponents, he was again dismissed, and the same day whilst at dinner received the royal mandate to depart the kingdom. He read it, and with great calmness finished his dinner ; immediately after he got into his carriage with madam Necker, and sat off for Geneva, without giving notice to any one of his intended departure, or leaving information of the place of his retreat, lest it should increase the tumult already arisen to an alarming height.

The news of his sudden dismissal and departure soon got abroad, and spread an alarm through the kingdom—the citizens of Paris flew to arms, with

with the Marquis la Fayette at their head—among other demands, was that of the immediate restoration of their favourite.

At this period, it is supposed, the supporters of a despotic government, had prevailed on the King to oppose the popular rage both in and out of the national assembly; for previously to the dismissal of M. Necker, 45,000 troops, with an immense train of artillery, were stationed in and about Paris and Versailles. The spirit of the people was such that this great military force had no effect—the national assembly stood firm—the troops not only refused to act against the citizens, but joined them. The monarch at length yielded to the demands of the people. The new ministry, and the unpopular officers, nobility, &c. fled in every direction. M. Necker was instantly recalled. A messenger was sent after him with the following letter, written by the King, viz.

“I HAVE been deceived respecting you.—Violence, has been committed on my character.—Behold me at length enlightened. Come, sir, come without delay, and resume your claim to my confidence, which you have acquired forever. My heart is known to you. I expect you, with all my nation, and I very sincerely share in its impatience. On which I pray God, sir, until your return, to take you into his holy and worthy keeping. LOUIS.”

To this letter M. Necker returned the following answer, viz.

Geneva, July 23d. (in the evening.)

“SIRE,

“I HAVE this instant received the letter with which it has pleased your Majesty to honour me. I want expressions to testify to you the tender emotions I have experienced on the return of your favour; it penetrates me more and more with the obligation I had long imposed on myself, of always distinguishing in your majesty the just prince, the honest man, who can operate only the happiness of the nation when he acts from himself, from the powerful monarch who governs it, and who is frequently exposed to do what is repugnant to his heart.

“I only take the time, Sire, to wipe away the tears which your letter has made me shed, and I fly to obey your

orders. I shall not bear to you my heart; that is a property you have acquired by a thousand titles, and to which I no longer have any claim.

“I reckon with impatience, and am striving to accelerate the moments which are necessary for me to proceed to offer you the last drop of my blood, my feeble talents, my entire devotion to your sacred person, and the profound respect with which I am, Sire, your majesty’s most humble, most obedient, and most zealous servant,

NECKER.”

At the same time that M. Necker received the King’s letter of recall, he received also the following from the national assembly, viz.

“Versailles, July 16th, 1789.

“THE National Assembly, Sir, had already declared, in a solemn act, that you carried with you their esteem and regret. This honourable testimony has been addressed to you on their part, and you must have received it.

“This morning they had come to a resolution, to supplicate the King to recall you to the ministry. This was at once the expression of their own wish, and the wish of the capital, which loudly demands you.

“The King has deigned to anticipate our request—your recall has been announced to us from him. Gratitude immediately impelled us to wait upon his Majesty, and he has given us a fresh mark of his confidence by charging us to address it to you.

“The National Assembly, Sir, presses you to yield to the desire of his Majesty. Your talents and your virtues cannot receive a more glorious recompence, nor a more powerful encouragement. You will justify our confidence, you will not prefer your own tranquillity to that of the publick, you will not refuse to aid the benevolent intentions of his Majesty for his people. Every moment is precious. The Nation, its King, its Representatives, await you.

“We have the honour to be, &c.

“J. G. Archbishop of Vienne,
President.

“The Comte de LALLY TOLLENDAL,
Secretary.

“MOUNIER, Secretary.”

To this pathetick epistle he returned for answer as follows, viz.

“Geneva,

"*Geneva, 23d of July, 1789.*

"*Gentlemen,*

"*MOST* sensibly affected by long continued agitation, and already considering that moment at hand, in which it is time to think of retiring from the world and publick affairs, I was preparing my mind only to pursue one of my most ardent wishes, the destiny of France and the happiness of a nation to which I am attached by many tender ties, when I received the letter with which you have honoured me. It is out of my power, it is beyond my feeble talents, worthily to reply to this precious mark of your esteem and good opinion ; but it is at least my du-

ty, gentlemen, personally to convey to you the homage of my respectful gratitude. My devotion to your service is unnecessary to you ; but my happiness is deeply interested in proving to the King and the French nation, that nothing is capable of slackening a zeal which has long constituted the leading object of my life.

"*I am with respect, &c.*

"*NECKER.*

Monsieur Necker speedily returned to France, to the great joy of the people—was reinstated in his office, and now enjoys the confidence of the whole French nation.

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

ESSAY on VIRTUE.

You see the man ; you see his hold on Heaven,
If found his virtue. ——————
A lecture silent, but of sov'reign power,
To vice, confusion ; and to virtue, peace.—YOUNG.

AMONG the various ornaments that adorn human nature, no one tends to beautify the mind more than virtue. She not only humanizes the heart, but elevates it above the common title of humanity, and assimulates it to the divine character. She expands the soul, not only with ideas of temporal happiness, but with the more noble and exalted conceptions of the Deity ; the brightness of whose image beams universal joy, and diffuses eternal felicity among the amiable sons and daughters of virtue. Those who yield an unreserved obedience to the mild dictates of virtue, are lead, by her happy influence, from whatever is degrading to man, to something more than human—to celestial objects. A virtuous heart is susceptible of the feelings of sympathy, and will administer the balm of sensibility to the afflicted mind. Virtue not only inspires the soul with the tenderest affections, but beautifies the countenance, and adds

a peculiar grace to external deportment. The countenance is a mirror to the soul, through which the picture of the heart may be seen, and its true character read. If the heart be virtuous, it radiates the visage with its native graces ; but if vicious, it will exhibit its real deformity in every feature, in every movement, and in every action. The charms of virtue are as much preferable to the delusive smiles of vice, as the native bloom on the glowing cheek of Celia is to the painted face of a haggard courtesan.

Experience and common observation prove that the vicious, as well as the virtuous, enjoy happiness. But mark the difference ! The happiness of the one is only temporal ; whereas that of the other is both temporal and eternal. Vice may contribute to her votaries imaginary pleasure ; but the meretricious smiles, like those of the siren, will prove no less destructive, than they appeared pleasing and captivating. Vice leads

to

to misery ; virtue to happiness. As far as we practice virtue, so far we secure to ourselves a permanent inheritance in the paradise of God. As we neglect virtue, so we despise the, richest gift of heaven. She sprang from paradise to teach erroneous man the way to happiness ; and she alone can lead him to her clime original.

Virtue is the pure fountain of human happiness. No object attracts the attention of mankind more than happiness. To the vulgar the term is familiar, but of the means of attaining it, they are perhaps entirely ignorant. Some place their happiness in gold ; while others vainly imagine that intemperate indulgencies constitute the joys of life. But the false notions of the former induce them to imbibe the dangerous absurdity of the latter ; and both conspire to render them discontented, unhappy, and miserable. Can those fleeting objects, that owe their birth, and even their existence, to the sports of fortune, afford any true, substantial, and lasting happiness ? The idea is no less absurd than impossible. 'Tis not the smile of fortune, but of virtue, that gives the heartfelt joy. Happiness originates from virtue, which neither change of fortune, disappointment, nor time, can destroy.

" What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heart-
feit joy,
Is virtue's prize." —

The different effects of a virtuous and vicious course of conduct are very remarkable at the evening of life. Virtue adorns the path of life with roses of hope. But vice nips the bud of happiness, and blights the open blossoms of enjoyment. When old age crowds upon a virtuous man, and spoils his taste for fleeting pleasures, reflexion paints on his

imagination his past life, in all the charms of innocence, which appear to him at the hour of death more delightsome than a beautiful landscape. Conscious of his integrity, he feels the most agreeable sensations at the time of his dissolution. He closes the evening of life with calmness, like the sun, that sets with serenity, and gilds the horizon with gold and purple. But when the vicious man draws towards his exit, all his imaginary happiness becomes real misery. The sting of reflexion guards his guilty conscience. The whole scene of his life appears to him, like a naked, gloomy, and barren desert, shaded with the thorn of melancholy and despair. He ends his days in a storm of anguish, "like the troubled ocean, when it cannot rest."

As virtue not only secures temporal happiness, but also promises her votaries a happy immortality in the blissful regions above, is it not remarkable what little attention is paid her ? She is the rich man's friend, and the poor man's wealth. She affords pleasure in youth, consolation in old age, and joy in death. How beautiful is death when purchased by virtue ? To the virtuous man it is pleasant and desirable. Animated by the hopes of immortality, he longs to change this vale of tears, for the delightsome abodes of his Father and his God ; where he may enjoy with spotless purity the rewards of his virtue. As virtue is the surest guide through life, and the sincerest friend in death, let us embrace her, as a gift from Heaven ; then will she be our kind monitor in prosperity, our bosom friend in adversity, and in death she will appear to us with redoubled charms, for " virtue alone has majesty in death."

M O R A L I S.

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

On the LOVE of VARIETY.

LOVE of variety, like many other universal passions, is capable of producing the greatest good, and the greatest evil, depending on the direction it takes. Every useful truth that has yet been discovered in the whole circle of science, may be traced to this source of action. Minds that are uncommonly fond of action, will not rest contented with obvious truth. The field of knowledge that is open to every one, is not large enough; every object that it contains is soon examined, and a fatigues grows disgusting. The mind, therefore, by a kind of native instinct, endeavours to explore its way into some untried scene of nature; to bring to view some new object; to extend the sphere of contemplation. The more extensive the circle in which we move, the more unfrequent does the same object recur. To such minds as have learned to think; to employ themselves on their own store of ideas; to combine, separate, build, and pull down speculative systems of truth; such as dare be free from the influence of prejudice and preconceived notions, nothing gives so much solid satisfaction as the discovery of truth in general. Nothing infuses such unclouded rays of pure delight, such animating pleasures into the soul, the very essence of being, as a consciousness that the mind perceives a new and important combination of nature, either in the intellectual or natural world. For the sake of this new and constantly growing satisfaction it is, that men toil and labour in the fields of speculation, more than from an idea of being useful to mankind. The satisfaction they take when the end is gained, when the truth comes out, more than over pays the toil. For it is to be remarked, that every advance in

knowledge, every discovery of a new truth, increases the whole mass, in a *duplicate ratio*, like lengthening the *diameter* of a circle. New combinations immediately ensue throughout the whole; for there is a natural connexion and harmony, among all the branches of knowledge, as a celebrated philosopher long ago remarked: Room must be made to entertain the new comer; perhaps many old ideas must be displaced, in order to give a dignified seat, agreeable to the rank it holds, in point of impotence.

The mind of the speculative and thinking man, may well be compared to a spacious hall; fitted up for the entertainment of company, open at all times, for the reception of all ranks and degrees; and the business of the proprietor is to seat them agreeable to their merit; to be careful how he judges of their worth, or he may be imposed upon by specious appearances. This affords him constant employment, and is a never ending source of variety and amusement. In this employment alone exist the productive *flamina vitae* of true genius; the only spring on which any one ever rose to literary eminence. Love of truth, for the sake of the pleasure attending it, is what alone will put any one upon the search.

Thus a thirst for variety, as far as it puts men upon inquiring after useful truth and improvement, is an exalted and noble passion. Natural philosophy has thus been improved to the convenience and happiness of mankind, in the useful arts. Such minds as Newton and Franklin, always in pursuit of some new thought, merely to gratify their own feelings, have by little and little, investigated that almost immense field of philosophy

ophy and mathematicks, which so much facilitates the most common affairs of life. Ethics, or systems of moral truth, derive their being from this fountain; the same insatiable thirst of investigation, of finding something new. Such a love of novelty as this, is attended with as much rational happiness, perhaps, as the nature of man is capable; it not only affords the conscious satisfaction of benefiting others, while one gratifies their own feelings; but it has also the consolation of permanency; it shall never cease to please. Mankind will ever be even with the speculatist. They will ever be finding some new attitude of folly and extravagance, or of greatness and worth, in which to exhibit themselves, and upon which the thinking man may employ his mind. He will be ever finding some new riddle of littleness and greatness, mixt up in the composition of human nature, to excite his laughter, admiration, contempt, wonder, indignation, pity, and love. All these passions, together with the appearances that caused them, will afford a fathomless subject of inquiry. So long as human passions, vice and folly, with a mixture of reason, do exist; so long they will continually exhibit contradictory appearances. To sketch these varieties, and to examine them with the feelings of a man and a philosopher, is the never ending, but agreeable task of the speculative mind. And it can be no infringement on the truth, to say that the investigation of the laws of nature are perfectly endless. The diligent inquirer may always be pushing his improvements, but never able to collect all the relations of matter to matter; such pursuits, however, always terminate in the good of mankind; men of this curious turn of mind, have ever, in some way or another, rendered themselves extensively useful to the world. The

stronger the passion the more good they usually have done.

But a little observation will help us to see, that a much greater part of mankind have ever contrived to gratify this love of variety, in quite another way. The minds of many are unfortunately not unlike a *mirrour*, which retains the impression of an object no longer than while it is present. Either from an impossibility of nature, or a fault of education, no sooner are sensible objects removed from under their immediate view, than they seem to have lost all sense of them; the images at least are so faint, as not to afford employment to the mind, in comparing, adjusting and reasoning upon them; hence they are put to the necessity of contriving a continual succession of sensible objects, or remain inactive. Here originated all the multiplied kinds of gaming, rural sports, balls, &c. which we term amusements; and with which those who have nothing else to do, make out to get rid of the time. Hence too the equipage, splendour and show, of the rich and great; a continual succession of these, instead of their own reflections, serve to keep the ball of variety rolling round. And thus the thoughtless time killer dances along through life, happy at *most*, only because he knows not the real enjoyments of reason and reflection. Such a love of variety as this, gratified only on objects of sense, has but little to recommend it, if reason and reflection are allowed to judge. It answers no one valuable end of society; it is a precarious and most uncertain foundation of happiness, liable to a thousand interruptions. Wealth may be wanting to procure these delightful and amusing objects, or opportunity may not present, at the time they are most wanted.—But it is difficult separating a man from his own amusing reflections, “they go with him wherever he is,

in

in town or country, at home or abroad ;" he carries in his own breast the principal source of his amusement. But he that has not the faculty of employing his thoughts upon himself, for want of a sufficient store of ideas, is no sooner deprived of his favourite amusements, than he is on the rack of impatience. And how many ways may such a deprivation take place, or rather how many ways does it actually take place every day, among such as make this their principal business. The means of happiness,

in such persons, are so capricious, so variable and unsteady, that a sour, whimsical, morose and disagreeable temper of mind, is generally the consequence, to the vexation and unhappiness of all with whom they have any concern. Thus extreme love of variety, which leads only to objects of sense, seems to be a pretty sure way to contempt, wretchedness and misery. But when turned on useful knowledge, is as sure of leading to reputation, contentment and ease.

X.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

It afforded me pleasure to read in your Museum, Mr. WEBSTER'S Criticisms upon GIBBON'S Roman History ; they are certainly just and judicious, and do credit to the Author. Perhaps the following ESSAY on a Reformed mode of Spelling (which forms the Appendix to his very valuable " Dissertations on the English Language") may meet the approbation of many of your readers, though it shd. fail of producing the effect intended ; I therefore request you to detail it out as room will permit.

Yours,

A Wellwisher to American Literature.

A N E S S A Y

On the NECESSITY, ADVANTAGES and PRACTICABILITY of REFORMING the MODE of SPELLING, and of RENDERING the ORTHOGRAPHY of WORDS CORRESPONDENT to the PRONUNCIATION.

IT has been observed by all writers on the English language, that the orthography or spelling of words is very irregular ; the same letters often representing different sounds, and the same sounds often expressed by different letters. For this irregularity, two principal causes may be assigned :

1. The changes to which the pronunciation of a language is liable, from the progress of science and civilization.

2. The mixture of different languages, occasioned by revolutions in England, or by a predilection of the learned, for words of foreign growth and ancient origin.

To the first cause, may be ascribed the difference between the spell-

ing and pronunciation of Saxon words. The northern nations of Europe originally spoke much in gutturals. This is evident from the number of aspirates and guttural letters, which still remain in the orthography of words derived from those nations ; and from the modern pronunciation of the collateral branches of the Teutonic, the Dutch, Scotch and German. Thus *h* before *n* was once pronounced, as in *knave, know* ; the *gh* in *might, though, daughter*, and other similar words ; the *g* in *reign, feign*, &c.

But as savages proceed in forming languages, they lose the guttural sounds, in some measure, and adopt the use of labials, and the more open vowels. The ease of speaking

speaking facilitates this progress, and the pronunciation of words is softened, in proportion to a national refinement of manners. This will account for the difference between the ancient and modern languages of France, Spain and Italy; and for the difference between the soft pronunciation of the present languages of those countries, and the more harsh and guttural pronunciation of the northern inhabitants of Europe.

In this progress, the English have lost the sounds of most of the guttural letters. The *k* before *n* in *know*, the *g* in *reign*, and in many other words, are become mute in practice; and the *gh* is softened into the sound of *f*, as in *laugh*, or is silent, as in *brought*.

To this practice of softening the sounds of letters, or wholly suppressing those which are harsh and disagreeable, may be added a popular tendency to abbreviate words of common use. Thus *Southwark*, by a habit of quick pronunciation, has become *Suthark*; *Worcester* and *Leicester*, are become *Woofer* and *Lefter*; *business*, *bizness*; *colonel*, *curnel*; *cannot*, *cant*; *will not*, *wont*. In this manner the final *e* is not heard in many modern words, in which it formerly made a syllable. The words, *clothes*, *cares*, and most others of the same kind, were formerly pronounced in two syllables.*

Of the other cause of irregularity in the spelling of our language, I have treated sufficiently in the first Dissertation. It is here necessary only to remark, that when words have been introduced from a foreign language into the English, they

have generally retained the orthography of the original, however ill adapted to express the English pronunciation. Thus *fatigue*, *marine*, *chaise*, retain their French dress, while, to represent the true pronunciation in English, they should be spelt *fateeg*, *mareen*, *fhaze*. Thus thro an ambition to exhibit the etymology of words, the English, in *Philip*, *phyfic*, *character*, *chorus*, and other Greek derivatives, preserve the representatives of the original Φ and Χ; yet these words are pronounced, and ought ever to have been spelt, *Fillip*, *fyzic* or *fizzic*, *character*, *korus*.†

But such is the state of our language. The pronunciation of the words which are strictly English, has been gradually changing for ages, and since the revival of science in Europe, the language has received a vast accession of words from other languages, many of which retain an orthography very ill suited to exhibit the true pronunciation.

The question now occurs; ought the Americans to retain these faults which produce innumerable inconveniences in the acquisition and use of the language, or ought they at once to reform these abuses, and introduce order and regularity into the orthography of the AMERICAN TONGUE?

Let us consider this subject with some attention.

Several attempts were formerly made in England to rectify the orthography of the language. But I apprehend their schemes failed of success, rather on account of their intrinsick difficulties, than on account of any necessary impracticability

* "TA-KE, ma-ke, o-ne, bo-ne, flo-ne, wil-le, &c. dissyllabla olim fuerunt, quæ nunc habentur pro monosyllabis." — Wallis.

† The words *number*, *chamber*, and many others in English are from the French *nombre*, *chambre*, &c. Why was the spelling changed? or rather why is the spelling of *lustre*, *metre*, *theatre*, not changed? The cases are precisely similar. The Englishman who first wrote *number* for *nombre*, had no greater authority to make the change, than any modern writer has to spell *lustre*, *metre* in a similar manner, *lusfer*, *meter*. The change in the first instance was a valuable one; it conformed the spelling to the pronunciation, and I have taken the liberty, in all my writings, to pursue the principle in *lusfer*, *meter*, *metfer*, *theater*, *sepulcher*, &c.

practicability of a reform. It was proposed, in most of these schemes, not merely to throw out superfluous and silent letters, but to introduce a number of new characters. Any attempt on such a plan must undoubtedly prove unsuccessful. It is not to be expected that an orthography, perfectly regular and simple, such as would be formed by a "Synod of Grammarians on principles of science," will ever be substituted for that confused mode of spelling which is now established. But it is apprehended that great improvements may be made, and an orthography almost regular, or such as shall obviate most of the present difficulties which occur in learning our language, may be introduced and established with little trouble and opposition.

The principal alterations, necessary to render our orthography sufficiently regular and easy, are these :

1. The omission of all superfluous or silent letters; as *a* in *bread*. Thus *bread*, *head*, *give*, *breast*, *built*, *meant*, *realm*, *friend*, would be spelt, *bred*, *hed*, *giv*, *breft*, *bilt*, *ment*, *relm*, *frend*. Would this alteration produce any inconvenience, any embarrassment or expense? By no means. On the other hand, it would lessen the trouble of writing, and much more, of learning the language; it would reduce the true pronunciation to a certainty; and while it would assist foreigners and our own children in acquiring the language, it would render the pronunciation uniform, in different parts of the country, and almost prevent the possibility of changes.

2. A Substitution of a character that has a certain definite sound, for one that is more vague and indeterminate. Thus by putting *ee* instead of *ea* or *ie*, the words *mean*, *near*, *speak*, *grieve*, *zeal*, would become *meen*, *neer*, *speek*, *greev*, *zeel*. This alteration could not occasion a moment's trouble; at the same

time it would prevent a doubt respecting the pronunciation; whereas the *ea* and *ie* having different sounds, may give a learner much difficulty. Thus *greet* should be substituted for *grief*; *kee* for *key*; *beleev* for *believe*; *laf* for *laugh*; *dawter* for *daughter*; *plow* for *plough*; *tuf* for *tough*; *proov* for *prove*; *blud* for *blood*; and *draft* for *draught*. In this manner *ch* in Greek derivatives, should be changed into *k*; for the English *ch* has a soft sound, as in *cherish*; but *k* always a hard sound. Therefore *character*, *chorus*, *cholic*, *architecture*; should be written *karacter*, *korus*, *kolic*, *arkitekture*; and were they thus written, no person could mistake their true pronunciation.

Thus *ch* in French derivatives should be changed into *sh*; *machine*, *chaise*, *chevalier*, should be written *masheen*, *shaze*, *shevalier*; and *pique*, *tour*, *oblique*, should be written *peek*, *toor*, *obleek*.

3. A trifling alteration in a character, or the addition of a point, would distinguish different sounds, without the substitution of a new character. Thus a very small stroke across *th* would distinguish its two sounds. A point over a vowel, in this manner, *ä*, or *ö*, or *î*, might answer all the purposes of different letters. And for the diphthong *ow*, let the two letters be united by a small stroke, or both engraven on the same piece of metal, with the left hand line of the *w* united to the *o*.

These, with a few other inconsiderable alterations, would answer every purpose, and render the orthography sufficiently correct and regular.

The advantages to be derived from these alterations are numerous, great and permanent.

1. The simplicity of the orthography would facilitate the learning of the language. It is now the work of years for children to learn to spell; and after all, the business is rarely accomplished. A few men, who

who are bred to some business that requires constant exercise in writing, finally learn to spell most words without hesitation; but most people remain, all their lives, imperfect masters of spelling, and liable to make mistakes, whenever they take up a pen to write a short note. Nay, many people, even of education and fashion, never attempt to write a letter, without frequently consulting a dictionary.

But with the proposed orthography, a child would learn to spell, without trouble, in a very short time, and the orthography being very regular, he would ever afterwards find it difficult to make a mistake. It would, in that case, be as difficult to spell *wrong*, as it is now to spell *right*.

Besides this advantage, foreigners would be able to acquire the pronunciation of English, which is now so difficult and embarrassing, that they are either wholly discouraged on the first attempt, or obliged, after many years labour, to rest contented with an imperfect knowledge of the subject.

2. A correct orthography would render the pronunciation of the language, as uniform as the spelling in books. A general uniformity thro the United States, would be the event of such a reformation as I am here recommending. All persons, of every rank, would speak with some degree of precision and uniformity.* Such a uniformity in these states is very desirable; it would remove prejudice, and conciliate mutual affection and respect.

3. Such a reform would diminish the number of letters about one sixteenth or eighteenth. This would save a page in eighteen; and a saving of an eighteenth in the ex-

pense of books, is an advantage that should not be overlooked.

4. But a capital advantage of this reform in these states would be, that it would make a difference between the English orthography and the American. This will startle those who have not attended to the subject; but I am confident that such an event is an object of vast political consequence. For,

The alteration, however small, would encourage the publication of books in our own country. It would render it, in some measure, necessary that all books should be printed in America. The English would never copy our orthography for their own use; and consequently the same impressions of books would not answer for both countries. The inhabitants of the present generation would read the English impressions; but posterity, being taught a different spelling, would prefer the American orthography.

Besides this, a *national language* is a band of *national union*. Every engine should be employed to render the people of this country, *national*; to call their attachments home to their own country; and to inspire them with the pride of *national character*. However they may boast of Independence, and the freedom of their government, yet their *opinions* are not sufficiently independent; an astonishing respect for the arts and literature of their parent country, and a blind imitation of its manners, are still prevalent among the Americans. Thus an habitual respect for another country, deserved indeed and once laudable, turns their attention from their own interests, and prevents their respecting themselves.

(To be continued.)

* I once heard Dr. Franklin remark, "that those people spell best, who do not know how to spell;" that is, they spell as their ears dictate, without being guided by rules, and thus fall into a regular orthography.

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The PHILANTHROPIST. No. X.

"Act well your part, there all true honour lies."

TO conduct in every stage, in every relation, and under all circumstances of life, with a dignity and propriety becoming a reasonable being, is a point to which every reasonable being should steadily aim. This should excite the ambition of the old and the young, of the rich and the poor, of parents and children, of those in the higher, and those in the lower classes of the great community of mankind. *Propriety of conduct*, is a very comprehensive phrase, and has a very extensive application and meaning. It respects every person, and comprises every virtue and duty suitable for that person to cultivate and practise, or which become his age, situation and character. Every transgression of the rules of good manners, as well as of the maxims of morality and the injunctions of religion; and every allowed failure and deficiency in the practice of our duty to any being with whom we have connection and concern, is evidently an impropriety and unworthiness of behaviour.

We cannot give a higher commendation to a man, than to say, that he conducts with dignity and propriety, becoming his station in the great scale of being, his rank in society, his outward circumstances in life, and his superior advantages and prospects as a Christian. And however a person may be disposed to palliate his faults, a fault cannot be committed without acting unbecomingly and unworthily.

Though it be a self evident truth, that every one should act his part in the great drama of life, with fidelity, honour and exactness, yet nothing is more common amongst men, and nothing more loudly com-

plained of, than impropriety of conduct. Indeed such conduct is the source of all the evil, the misery and the shame, that there is in the world; and, consequently, it is the cause of all blame and complaint. As this therefore is a point in which all are interested, all should feel themselves bound to regard it. To conduct with propriety, is what every one should enjoin upon himself as a rule from which never to deviate. This would add dignity and grace to every character, fill every bosom with satisfaction and content, and eloquently plead the cause of decency and virtue. Whatever removes or prevents the cause of evil, takes away likewise the ground of uneasiness and lamentation. What floods of tears! what heart aches, would be saved to parents, did children always preserve an unbroken series of regular and amiable manners! And what blushes and anxieties would many times be spared to children, did parents never dishonour themselves by misbecoming actions!

Many are the incentives, from within and from without, which an ingenuous mind feels, to a course of right action. To such a mind, nothing appears more agreeable than purity of principle, benevolence of temper, and regularity of manners. Every virtuous purpose, every benevolent wish, every becoming act, and much more, every good habit, and a succession of becoming actions, is accompanied with a heart felt pleasure. Such a disposition and practice obtains the approbation and love of others, and is followed with honour and applause. Whereas, every violation of the rules of fitness and propriety is unnatural and disagreeable to a good mind.

mind. Repeated instances of unsuitable behaviour, give pain to a feeling and reflecting conscience, and present to beholders a deformed picture. To such a degree is the character maimed by impropriety of conduct, that, like a figure with distorted features, and dislocated or misshapen limbs, it is offensive to the eye. A life of virtue and religion, being none other than a uniformity of right action, exhibits a uniformly good example, which tends to mend the morals of others, and to regulate the world.

So weak and irresolute is human nature both in the practice and in the purpose of good, and such is its proclivity to ill, that amidst the innumerable instances of improper conduct, with which the world abounds, there are many which are pitiable and pardonable; especially in youth. But there are many others which, though the effect of thoughtless levity, or redundancy of spirit, or, to the commission of which persons are drawn by the example, or persuasion, or ridicule of associates, do nevertheless infix a lasting wound in the heart, and an unforgotten blemish in the character, and occasion a perpetual grief to connections and friends.

"Those things which now seem frivolous and slight,

"Will be of serious consequence to you,

"When they have made you once ridiculous."

As every man has a part to act with reference to himself, with reference to society, and with reference to a future state, it is necessary that he summon every power, and improve every moment and every advantage, to act it with fidelity, diligence and dispatch, that all who have the least connexion with him, or demand upon him, may receive their proportion of his regards and of his services; that none may be disappointed in their expectations

from him, nor himself disappointed when he comes to receive his reward. Every man also has a particular sphere in which to move and exercise his abilities. Propriety of conduct, or consistency of character, will confine him to this sphere, and prompt him, like a friend to his species, to fill it with useful and beneficent actions, and, like a propitious luminary, to shine in it with the benignest lustre. He, whose mind is impressed, as every mind ought to be, with a sense of his dignity as a man, and his duty as a dependent, social and accountable creature, will feel a strong ambition to act consistently with this sense. He therefore, who would acquire and preserve a fair and consistent character, must cherish this sense, enliven his ambition, and make it his serious enquiry, what are the expectations which his friends, his country, and his maker, have from him. Would the descendants of honourable or virtuous ancestors; would the children of good families, consider what becomes them as such, and feel ambitious to advance and not diminish, the credit of their departed predecessors and of their surviving connexions, they would seldom act out of character, or be guilty of impropriety of conduct. Would Students—But stop!—Let not the *Philanthropist* act out of character! Let him not, by any unwelcome and unseasonable officiousness of caution, seem to suppose or insinuate, that young gentlemen, who have every inducement, obligation and advantage, to establish a fair and unblemished reputation, can so far forget what they owe to themselves, to their friends, to the credit of literature, of virtue, and of human nature, as to descend to meanness and mischief. He will not insinuate or suppose it, until, in some unfortunate hour, they furnish him with ample occasion.

The

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The POLITICIAN. No. IV.

TO the maxim laid down in the close of the last number, may arise an objection of some weight. If, says the objector, that maxim is true, the murderer, the cut throat, who takes his neighbour's life on the highway, must escape with life; but to take the life of such, is warranted by the authority of God himself, *He that sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed*, may perhaps be quoted against the maxim. Without derogating from the authority of the scriptures, I hope to have a fair hearing, while I shall try to support the maxim in full latitude, that taking away the life of a state criminal is not, and cannot be consistent either with good policy or justice, agreeable to the nature of civil compacts. My observations on this subject have been extended only to such cases as concern property, which bears so little proportion to the life of a man, that there is no colour of reason for capital punishments, provided any method can be adopted equally preventive of the crime. And this seems to be almost proved at least, by actual experiment, so that no higher or better authority remains for the continuance of that mode of punishment, than custom. Our fathers did so, and we do so; and thus many unhappy wretches are cut off from the community when they might be benefiting it, or themselves at least, by their labours. But in the case more particularly now to be examined—*life for life*, has the appearance of an equality; and suppose it has? are there any laws in this, or any civilized nation under heaven, which enact punishments the same in kind with the offence committed, except in this single instance. Of course, it evidently resolves itself into the law of *retaliation*, used in the ages

of barbarism; which law, a refined state of society is supposed to supersede, or render unnecessary. But, says an objector, when a man is become so abandoned as to disregard the life of his fellow creatures, it is high time he is taken away. This objection goes on the mistaken idea, that this dangerous member of the community, cannot otherwise be prevented repeating his crime. It is not yet proved, that the infectious limb is incurable, in any other method than by amputation. Every wise man would have a limb taken off, whenever he should be convinced his life was in danger, from retaining it; but so long as there is any hope of curing, or preventing its farther endangering his life, although it becomes useless to the body, yet will he try, even by a large expense, to preserve it. Does not humanity bid us do the same in the present case? Retaliation is exploded by all, as inconsistent with the idea of civilized society; and none will undertake to say, that death is inflicted as a punishment for a future expected crime—preventive then it must be supposed.—And let every punishment of civilized countries be as effectually preventive, as may on the whole be consistent with humanity. Whether confinement or death, subjects the criminal to the most unhappiness in the end, I shall not pretend to say; but sure I am, that the evil consequences of the latter, on the feelings of the community, are infinitely greater than the former. That such as are disposed to make a good use of their liberty as citizens of a civilized country, should provide means of depriving those of the same liberty, who will only abuse it, is reasonable; it is an invaluable privilege of refined society; and for mankind not to make

use of it, as far as is possible, for the happiness of every member of the community, is abusing their own liberties. Considering the violence of passion, the degree of provocation, want and distress, by which many may have been driven to commit such an outrage, as taking the life of a fellow creature, there can be no doubt but that a sincere wish to make restitution to society, has many times followed, in almost any situation, could life be spared. If in one case only it may be supposed, while in all others society may be equally secure; justice loudly demands the measure; no reparation is made in any shape whatever, by taking life, unless it be in the imagination of such as still entertain an idea of retaliation. Want of candid examination of this matter in its true light, as a relict of real barbarism, is the only ground on which it is now kept in countenance. If therefore, this country, which justly boasts of infant refinement, wishes to wipe away the blot of needless cruelty, one who is not ashamed to boast of being a friend to humanity, wishes to see all sanguinary laws totally abolished. But declamation apart;—the main objection is yet to be answered; *The law of Moses and the scriptures authorize capital punishments.* It is well known that mankind are apt to take things for granted that coincide with custom, without ever examining. True, the law of Moses does authorize it; but at the same time, may we not ask, whether we live under the law of Moses, or are Christians. If we agree to the latter, may we not with propriety ask, whether the Christian legislator approves of that law which says, *an eye for an eye?* Plainly he does not. It is said expressly that God gave the Jews laws and statutes, that were not good; but were added because of the hardness of their hearts; that is, in some

measure consonant to their disposition; among which, this law of retaliation stands as fair a chance as any, to be one. No one ever yet supposed that Christian communities are under obligations to obey, either the ceremonial or civil institutions of Moses; in the latter, many of them would be found totally incompatible with the situation of modern kingdoms. The spirit of christianity ought to be a guide in the institution of laws; and where that will lead need not be mentioned. As to that command, *he that sheddeth man's blood, &c.* it may full as well be understood in the simple form of an affirmation, *his blood will be shed;* that was the then state of manners; retaliation the only law. Of this kind of physiology, we may find many instances—*He that taketh the sword shall perish by the sword*—nobody, I believe, ever yet took this for a command; others might be mentioned; but not to frighten any one with the idea of a sermon, I will take no farther notice of this objection, hoping however, that enough has been said to remove it. Let us therefore, my countrymen, dare to be humane, let us at least dare to make the experiment; at the worst, it can no more than be failing in a good cause. Suppose it should prove an expense to the community, to support such wretches as fall into the hands of justice; it is hoped we are not so destitute of the feelings of humanity, as to make that an insuperable objection. If a general diffusion of knowledge softens and humanizes mankind, let us be ambitious to give the world a proof that this is our case, by softening the rigour of our laws. Our national character is not yet confirmed into a habit, as it may hereafter be, when alterations will be dangerous. Habit is the supreme arbitress, both of national and personal conduct; it renders almost any thing familiar, easy, and apparently just.

just. It is therefore a matter of the highest consequence, that nations take care in their infancy, to establish habits favourable to humanity; and singularly happy may it turn out for this country, that we have it in our power to reason on these matters, at so early a period of our existence; and to form those habits by

some other rule, than that of barbarism.

Conscious of having the good of mankind in view, convinced of the practicability, sound policy, as well as humanity of such a reform, the foregoing observations have been offered, to stand or fall by their own strength.

The B A B B L E R*. No. I.

The officious Sincerity of a rude Fact no Accomplishment: Or, The HISTORY OF SALLY EDWARDS.

I WAS chattering yesterday evening over a dish of tea at my sister Rattle's when the amiable Kitty Harold, a distant relation of ours, happened to come in with her usual freedom, but with an appearance of mingled concern and resentment; the moment she saw me she cried, "O, Mr. Babbler, I have an admirable subject for your next paper. You must know, continued she, that in my way here I accidentally called at your old acquaintance Mrs. Acid's, in Pall Mall, and found her engaged with an extensive circle of company. While I staid there, one of the footmen came and informed his lady that there was a well dressed gentlewoman below inquiring after her health, but that hearing she was so much engaged, she was preparing to go away, and would take some other opportunity of paying her respects. Mrs. Acid you know is one of those prodigiously important people who pique themselves upon their superior understandings, and are continually giving an air of consequence to the minutest actions: In hopes therefore of displaying her sagacity before her company, she sent to desire the

lady would be so kind as to walk up; in consequence of which a mighty genteel woman indeed, was introduced, who came in with a very visible diffidence, and was with much pressing prevailed upon to sit down. Madam, says Mrs. Acid, with her customary dignity of tone and solemnity of feature, Pray what has procured me the honour of this visit? the lady with a respectful hesitation, replied, I thought, Madam, I should have found you alone, or I would not have presumed—but I suppose you have quite forgot a Sally Edwards, who lived with you about seven years ago;" "What, exclaimed Mrs. Acid, in an air of the greatest surprise, are you Sally Edwards who lived with me at Richmond, and had a bastard by young Mr. Barrington of Twickenham—Oh I remember you very well—why I hear he has since married you—well and come tell me." Mrs. Acid would probably have continued this good natured strain considerably longer, had not the poor woman's confusion got the better of her spirits, and thrown her into a fit from which she was not recovered without much difficulty; as soon

however

[* By a well-wisher to our work, and to the manners and morals of the age (many of which it is well calculated to reform) we have been favoured with the loan of a work bearing this name. It is written in numbers, and first appeared in *Owen's Weekly Chronicle*, a newspaper printed in London, after which a teleion was made and printed in two volumes. It is unnecessary to pass any encomium on the stile or evident good tendency of these papers; and as very few have had the pleasure of perusing them, we shall select as time will permit, or occasion shall require, without any regard to the order in which they are arranged, and shall number our extracts in course. There are some expressions and sentiments which are local, but that we may not injure we shall not alter.]

however as she came to herself, she burst into tears, and making as decent a courtesy as her situation could possibly admit, went out of the room. Unmoved with her distress, the obliging Mrs. Acid called after her down stairs; "Dont be uneasy Sally, when you come this way again pray bring the little boy with you." I really could have flapt the unmerciful woman for her barbarity: But she, as if she had performed the most meritorious action in the world, turned round to the company, and gave us the following history of poor Sally Edwards.—Her father was a Shropshire clergyman of very little preferment in the church; but if a large family might be looked upon as a foundation for felicity, there was not a happier man in the county, for he had fourteen children. The excellence of his character, however, made some provision for the most of them, and one friend or another gradually took the greatest number off his hands. This Sally, of all his children, was the greatest favourite; he would never part with her, but brought her up with a remarkable degree of tenderness, and even pinched himself very frequently to give her an education rather superior to her fortune. His solicitude for her improvement, Mrs. Acid declares was not thrown away: On the contrary, she assured us that Sally was very prettily accomplished; and added, in her way, that she was also not intolerably tempered, nor much unacquainted with the management of a family.

When Sally had reached her twentieth year, a fever which her father had caught in attending a poor parishioner, carried him off, and the amiable orphan was obliged to look out for some tolerable family, where her servitude might furnish her with bread. Mrs. Acid at that time happened to be down at her sister's in Shropshire, near whose house Mr,

Edwards had lived. At her sister's request she took Sally, being then without a maid, and in a few weeks after departed for London. From thence she removed to Richmond, where Sally became by some means acquainted with a very genteel young fellow, one Mr. Barrington, the son of a gentleman who possessed two thousand pounds a year. Mr. Barrington made use of numberless arts to steal her from the paths of virtue, and even offered half the reversion of his father's estate to purchase her disgrace. These overtures Sally treated with a becoming scorn, yet she had a latent possession in his favour, which would not suffer her to resign the dangerous pleasure of his acquaintance. Every hour she could spare was passed with him, and he kept himself so secretly concealed that his rank was never once suspected in the neighbourhood. Young Barrington did not want honour; he saw the goodness of his mistress's heart, notwithstanding the humility of her station, and therefore disregarding what the world might say on the occasion, very frankly proposed to marry her. This proposal immediately ruined the unfortunate Sally Edwards; what formerly he could not obtain for worlds, now fell an easy sacrifice to his generosity. She confessed she loved him; but absolutely refused the honour of his hand till after the death of his father, declaring she could not support the shock of creating a disturbance in his family. When a woman once owns her love for a man there is scarce a toss up between her and destruction. Every hour she is alone with him after such a confession, she totters on the verge of her fate; and even let the man have never so much honour, there are times in which the whirlwind of his passions will tear up every trace of recollection, and occasion more guilt in a second, than can

can possibly be atoned for in course of a whole life. In one of these times Mr. Barrington met Sally Edwards; and in about six months after the consequences of this criminal intercourse obliged the unhappy girl to take an abrupt leave of her place. The sequel however is more fortunate than could be expected. Old Mr. Barrington died near a twelve month since, and his son has been married to Sally above half a year. This it seems was her first coming to town since that joyful event, and in hopes to recover the good opinion of her former mistress, she had taken the liberty of calling at Pall Mall. Mrs. Acid nevertheless embraced the opportunity to insult her in the manner I have mentioned; and so far from feeling any compunction, she told us at the end of the story, that she was always known to speak her mind, and fancied upon this occasion that she had given a *tolerable hint*, as she called it, to Sally Edwards."

Here Miss Harold finished her little narrative, but the subject be-

ing dwelt upon while she staid, I shall conclude the present paper with one or two of her remarks. "I always observe, Mr. Babbler, (says she) that those people who pique themselves particularly on the virtue of a rude sincerity, have seldom any other virtue in the composition of their characters. A complacency of manners, though it does not always constitute humanity, nevertheless gives an embellishment to human nature, and often, from the very appearance of goodness, we are apt to fall in love with the reality. It would therefore be well, that people who are fond of speaking indelicate truths to others, would reverse situations a little, and only imagine what effect it would have upon their own feelings, was an indelicate truth to be mentioned to themselves. Whenever we change situations with mankind, we are most likely to judge with propriety; and we may be certain of never censuring the errors of our neighbours with too great a degree of severity, if we make but a candid examination into our own."

TO THE EDITORS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

Seeing in your last Magazine extracts on the SLAVE TRADE, from Jefferson's Notes, induced me to send you for publication the following correct and authentick copies of the Twelve Propositions lately submitted by Mr. Wilberforce to the confederation of the Committee, to whom the report of the English Privy Council, various petitions for abolishing the Slave Trade, and other papers relative thereto, had been referred.

I. THAT the number of Slaves annually carried from the Coast of Africa in British vessels, is supposed to amount to about 38,000.

That the number annually carried to the British Westindia islands, has amounted to about 22,500, on an average of four years, to the year 1787, inclusive.

That the number annually retained in the said Islands, as far as appears by the Custom House Ac-

count, has amounted on the same average, to about 17,500.

II. That much the greater number of the Negroes carried away by European vessels are brought from the interior parts of the Continent of Africa, and many of them from a very great distance.

That no precise information appears to have been obtained of the manner in which these persons have been made Slaves.

But that from the accounts, as far as

as any have been procured on this subject, with respect to the Slaves brought from the interior parts of Africa, and from the information which has been received respecting the Countries nearer to the Coast, the Slaves may in general be classed under some of the following descriptions :

1st. Prisoners in War.

2d. Free persons sold for debt, or on account of real or imputed crimes, particularly adultery and witchcraft, in which cases they are frequently sold with their whole families, and sometimes for the profit of those by whom they are condemned.

3d. Domestic Slaves sold for the profit of their masters, in some places at the will of the masters, and in some places on being condemned, by them, for real or imputed crimes.

4th. Persons made slaves by various acts of oppression, violence, or fraud, committed either by the Princes and Chiefs of those Countries on their subjects, or by private individuals on each other, or lastly by Europeans engaged in this traffic.

III. That the Trade carried on by European nations on the coast of Africa for the purchase of Slaves has necessarily a tendency to occasion frequent and cruel wars among the natives, to produce unjust convictions and punishments for pretended or aggravated crimes, to encourage acts of oppression, violence, and fraud, and to obstruct the natural course of civilization and improvement in those countries.

IV. That the continent of Africa, in its present state, furnishes several valuable articles of commerce, highly important to the trade and manufactures of this kingdom, and which are in a great measure peculiar to that quarter of the globe : and that the soil and climate have been found by experience well a-

dapted to the production of other articles, with which we are now either wholly or in great part supplied by foreign nations.

That an extensive commerce with Africa in these commodities might probably be substituted in the place of that which is now carried on in Slaves, so as at least to afford a return for the same quantity of goods as has annually been carried thither in British vessels : and lastly, that such a commerce might reasonably be expected to increase in proportion to the progress of civilization and improvement on that continent.

V. That the Slave Trade has been found by experience to be peculiarly injurious and destructive to the British seamen, who have been employed therein. And that the mortality among them has been much greater than in his Majesty's ships stationed on the Coast of Africa, or than has been usual in British vessels employed in any other trade.

VI. That the mode of transporting the Slaves from Africa to the Westindies, necessarily exposes them to many and grievous sufferings, for which no regulations can provide an adequate remedy ; and that in consequence thereof, a large proportion of them has annually perished during the voyage.

VII. That a large proportion of the Slaves so transported has also perished in the harbours in the Westindies, previous to their being sold : that this loss is stated by the Assembly of the Island of Jamaica at about four and a half per cent. of the number imported ; and is by medical persons of experience in that island ascribed in a great measure to diseases contracted during the voyage ; and to the mode of treatment on board the ships, by which those diseases have been suppressed for a time, in order to render the Slaves fit for immediate sale.

VIII. That

VIII. That the loss of newly imported Negroes within the first three years after their importation bears a large proportion to the whole number imported.

IX. That the natural increase of population among the Slaves in the islands appears to have been impeded principally by the following causes :

1st. The inequality of the sexes in the importations from Africa.

2d. The general dissoluteness of manners among the Slaves, and the want of proper regulations for the encouragement of marriages, and of rearing children.

3d. The particular diseases which are prevalent among them, and which are in some instances attributed to too severe labour, or rigorous treatment, and in others to insufficient or improper food.

4th. Those diseases which affect a large proportion of Negroe children in their infancy, and those to which the newly imported from Africa have been found to be particularly liable.

X. That the whole number of slaves in the Island of Jamacia, in 1768, was about 167,000.

That the number in 1774 was, as stated by Gouvernor Kieth, about 193,000.

And that the number in December, 1787, as stated by Lieut. Gouvernor Clarke, was about 256,000.

That by comparing these numbers with the numbers imported into and retained in the island, in the several years from 1768 to 1774 inclusive, as appearing from the accounts delivered to the Committee of Trade, by Mr. Fuller, and in the several years from 1775 inclusive, to 1787 also inclusive, as appearing by the accounts delivered in by the Inspector General, and allowing for a loss of 1-22d part by deaths on shipboard after entry, as stated in the report of the Assembly of the

said Island of Jamacia, it appears, that the annual excess of deaths above births in the Island in the whole period of 19 years, has been in the proportion of about 7-8ths per cent. computing on the medium number of slaves in the Island during that period. That in the first six years of the said nineteen, the excess of deaths was in the proportion of rather more than one on every hundred of the medium number. That in the last thirteen years of the said nineteen, the excess of deaths was in the proportion of about 3-5ths on every hundred of the medium number ; and that a number of slaves, amounting to 15,000, is stated by the report of the Island of Jamacia, to have perished during the latter period, in consequence of repeated hurricanes, and the want of foreign supplies of provisions.

XI. That the whole number of slaves in the Island of Barbadoes was in the year 1764, according to the account given into the Committee of Trade, by Mr. Braithwaite, 70,706.

That in 1774 the number was by the same account, 74,874.

In 1780 by ditto, 68,270.

In 1781, after the hurricane, according to the same account, 63,248.

In 1786, by ditto, 62,155.

That by comparing the numbers with the number imported into this island, according to the same account (not allowing for any reexportation) the annual excess of deaths above births, in the ten years from 1764, to 1774, was in the proportion of about five on every hundred, computing on the medium number of slaves in the island during that period.

That in the seven years from 1774 to 1780, both inclusive, the excess of deaths was in the proportion of about one and one third on every

every hundred on the medium number.

That between the year 1780 and 1781, there appears to have been a decrease in the number of slaves of about 5000.

That in the six years, from 1781 to 1786, both inclusive, the excess of deaths was in the proportion of something less than seven eights in every hundred on the medium number.

And that in the four years from 1783 to 1786, both inclusive, the excess of deaths was in the proportion of rather less than one third in every hundred on the medium number.

And that during the whole period there is no doubt that some were exported from the island; but considerably more in the first part of this period than in the last.

XII. That the accounts from the

Leeward Islands, and from Dominica, Grenada, and St. Vincent's, do not furnish sufficient grounds for comparing the state of population in the said islands at the different periods, with the number of Slaves which have been from time to time imported into said islands, and reported therefrom. But that from the evidence which has been received respecting the present state of these islands, as well as that of Jamaica and Barbadoes, and from a consideration of the means of obviating the causes which have hitherto operated to impede the natural increase of the Slaves, and of lessening the demand for manual labour without diminishing the profit of the planter, it appears that no considerable or permanent inconvenience would result from discontinuing the importation of African Slaves.

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The SPECULATOR. No. II.

"Tis Education forms the common mind,
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclin'd." —POPE.

NUMEROUS are the errors to which mankind in this frail state are exposed, and many are the evils which consequently flow from them. But it is universally remarked, and I believe with certain truth, that the farther a country advances in age, the less are they exposed to these delusions; the rust of prejudice wears gradually off, and gives room for polished refinement to emit its happy influence. And be not angry, ye Patriots of America, when I presume to say that this country is now under the influence of many gross and dishonourable prejudices. I do not make this assertion because I disrepect her, for I really honour and revere her, but I conceive that it is the indispensable duty of every citizen to point out to his countrymen those mistakes un-

der which they labour, and dismantle truth of the thick veil of error, with which she is too often masked. As an example of these prejudices, let me only point you to the disregard paid to FEMALE EDUCATION. See those fair shoots lie totally neglected, which, by a proper cultivation, would blossom with unequalled splendour. It is natural here to inquire what are the motives which influence us, so to act. There have been but two objections made, which even bordered upon reason. The first is, that learning in a woman is useless; that they were formed only for the cares of domestick life; and that if they can manage affairs within doors skillfully, and with dispatch, it is sufficient. The other objection is, that their genius will not admit of cultivation;

cultivation ; that they are possessed of insipid tastes, and of dull comprehensions ; and that endeavours to instruct them are therefore vain. But the eye of impartial reason will certainly perceive these objections to be groundless and futile. To say that learning is useless for the fair part of creation is certainly ridiculous. Did not the beneficent author of nature design them to participate equally with us of the pleasures of life ? Certainly this cannot be denied ; why then should that grand, that never failing source of happiness, KNOWLEDGE, be deprived them. They are certainly our equals. Has man, because Heaven has gifted him with superior strength, a right to say that woman was formed merely to obey his commands ? And that she has no right to claim the protection of Wisdom ? I appeal to every candid breast whether this is not at once violating every law of nature, and breaking through every tie of humanity. If, as it is said, woman is the weaker vessel, they have an undoubted right to claim our guardian care ; and man cannot discharge his duty to his maker unless he endeavours that the sun of science should dispel those mists of ignorance, which ever cloud the unenlightened mind. But the other objection, is only a flimsy cover to excuse detestable conduct. For it is certainly evident, not only to the discerning few, but to all mankind, that nature has gifted them with more acute penetrations, and that they are possessed of a more sprightly genius, than our sex. True they are apt to be volatile and vain ; but volatility and good genius, are almost ever united, and learning would naturally temper

their giddy and vain dispositions, till they were possessed of as much sobriety, and as great an uniformity of temper, as was needful. Some female authors have shone conspicuous for scientifick knowledge, and by their distinguished abilities, and eminent writings, have done honour not only to themselves but to human nature ; and that despotic tyrant, *custom*, has alone prevented others from shining with equal lustre. Why then are they so inhumanly neglected ? It certainly must be prejudice alone ; a prejudice degrading to mankind. Because our pious forefathers thought it necessary only to teach their daughters to manage with dexterity the needle and the wheel, and to read with tolerable fluency a chapter from the sacred writings, we have foolishly imbibed the pernicious idea, and mankind in general are now very tenacious of the absurd opinion. Is there any one possessed of reason, who would throw by a diamond as useless merely because it wanted polishing ? Certainly not. Why then should we suffer the brilliant genius of a female to lie smothered in an unenlightened breast, when the fostering hand of science, was it duly applied, would bring it forth to blaze with lustre in the world. For Heaven's sake let us dismiss these prejudices, founded on error itself, and for the future let merit and not sex, be the criterion by which we shall determine the most proper subjects for the culturing hand of science to polish. **AND YE FAIR DAUGHTERS OF COLUMBIA,** permit me only to remind you that wisdom is the touchstone of attraction, and that it will add ten thousand graces to your natural charms.

CURIOS HISTORICAL FACTS.

[Continued from page 538.]

THE Floridian ladies paint their eyes with lead and their cheeks with blue.

October, 1789.

D

When the sovereign of Calicut makes a contract of marriage, the royal bride is consigned to his high almoner,

moner, to be debarrased of what every other husband flatters himself of finding.

In the kingdom of Arracan, the governour of each province selects six of the most beautiful girls of the age of sixteen to be sent to court. They are dressed in a coarse cotton robe, and made to dance in the heat of the day till a copious perspiration has taken place; these coverings are then presented to the king, who smells them one by one, and by the use of this sense he chooses his wives and mistresses.

There is one sect of the Anabaptists who maintain, that man cannot be too ignorant; and that if they would avoid the risk of damnation, they should neither learn to read or write, nor even know the first three letters of the alphabet—hence the name of ABCarians.

Ferdinando Mendez Pinto, a celebrated voyager, relates, that certain monks among the Indians had invented a pair of scales to weigh the remission of the peoples' sins. The sins were put into one scale and different commodities into the other. Thus, those who were accused of gluttony were weighed by honey,

sugar, eggs and butter; those who were addicted to sensuality, were counterpoised by cotton, feathers, silk, perfumes and wine; and those who were wanting in charity to the distressed poor, were weighed against money.—From this species of holy traffick the monks drew a splendid maintenance.

One of the grand sacrifices among the Romans was, in digging a ditch and covering it with planks filled with holes, upon which they slew a bull, while the penitent for expiation lay underneath, rolling from side to side to receive the blood of the victim—the hideous figure he made upon his being taken out, was an object of veneration to the spectators.

When a Hottentot attains the age of being useful to his country, an ancient introduces him into the assembly of the people, commands him to kneel, and immediately begins to perform the singular ceremony of sprinkling, by p— upon the head and shoulders of the novice. The same ceremony is always adopted at a wedding upon the bride and bridegroom; and also at a funeral, by besprinkling the grave and the nearest relations of the defunct.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

I send you for publication the celebrated new American Comedy, called, "The FATHER; or, AMERICAN SHANDYISM." The uncommon applause with which it is acted at Newyork, is sufficient to establish its reputation. In its sentiment, wit, and comick humour, are most happily blended; nor is that due proportion of the pathetick, which interests the finer feelings of the human heart, omitted.

Your &c.

B.

The FATHER: Or, AMERICAN SHANDYISM. A COMEDY, in FIVE ACTS.

CHARACTERS.—MEN—Col. DUNCAN, Mr. RACKET, RANTER, Capt. HALLER, Lieut. CAMPLEY, Doctor QUIESCENT, CARTRIDGE, JACOB.—WOMEN—Mrs. RACKET, Miss FELTON, Mrs. GRENADE, SUSANNAH.

The Scene lies in a hall at Racket's house, in Newyork. Time seven or eight hours.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Mr. and Mrs. RACKET at a breakfast table, he with a patch across his nose, and reading a new paper. She rises in anger.

Mrs. Racket. THIS provoking indifference is not to be borne; ungrateful man, you know you owe all you

have to your marriage with me; my affection led me to risque all for you: Col. Duncan little thinks the return you make to me for his bounty—Oh Mr. Racket, this is too ill usage.

Rack. (Reading) "A majority of 31 in favour of adopting it with amendments,"

—pray

—pray sit down my dear, you will fatigue yourself—pray sit down.

Mrs. R. Sir, this is adding insult to insult; am I never to see you but when illness, caused by rioting and drunkenness, prevents you from going out?

Rack. (Reads) "And we hope all the states will follow our virtuous example"—Glorious faith—(yawns and stretches.)

Mrs. R. Virtuous example truly!—I wonder, Sir, you are not ashamed of yourself—
we have been married but one year—and

Rack. (Rising) No more! Oh it has been a curse long year.

Mrs. R. And you have been intoxicated almost every night since.

Rack. Excels of joy my dear—would not you have me show, that I am happy in having so prudent, so domestick, so patient a wife as I have? Nothing but joy my dear—nothing else you may depend upon it.

Mrs. R. And you hope your example will be followed too—

Rack.—Ha!—oh—the new constitution my dear, the new constitution.

Mrs. R. Ay, that's one of your excuses for carousing; the new constitution will make your's an old one; and last night you must keep St. Patrick; I should be glad to know what you have to do with St. Patrick.

Rack. Why my dear, my grandfather was an Irishman, my father a Scotchman, and I, myself, an Englishman, so I am received into the societies of the three nations—I would join St. Tammany if he would let me.

Mrs. R. You may be ashamed to show your face so batter'd and bruis'd.

Rack. You shall make me up, my dear—bestow a little of the toil and rouge upon my face that you usually take for your own, and I may cut a very decent appearance yet.—But may I ask my love—Why do you make this extraordinary fuss and rancum-scout about my noise?—My looks or actions have not usually been the subjects of your enquiries or contemplation of late.

Mrs. R. I can no longer find in your looks a wish to please me, and for your actions, they will not bear contemplation—and is it not enough to provoke the mildest temper upon earth, to see your face disfigur'd in such a manner that you cannot be seen in the boxes this evening? And if I am seen alone with *Capr. Ranter*, the whole town will be talking about it—(aside) If I cannot rouse him by jealousy, I am lost—provoking—you will break my heart, *Mr. Racket*, you will.

[Exit.

RACKET alone.
Your humble servant *Mrs. Racket*, I am occasionally to be carried into publick to be a blind, a screen, a stalking horne—ox—ox—ox—perdition!—I began to think she was really concerned for me; for to give her her due, she never troubles me in my pleasures, so they do not clash with her own—well, this drinking is not the thing for a sober citizen, (pulls out his watch) half past eleven o'clock by all that's indolent, and my store not open yet.

Enter RANTER.

Rack. Ha! *Ranter*, how do ye?

Ran. What! ha! ha! ha!—What in the name of tunbelly'd Bacchus—I invoke you by your own god—have you been about? Has your wife been scratching ye?

Rack. No, but, I will tell ye—ha! ha! ha! a droll trolick, faith.

Ran. And your nose is in mourning for't.

Rack. You must know I honour'd St. Patrick last night with as hearty a set of boys as ever cried whick whack shellaley, bring twelve bottles more; and returning home in company with *Paddy O'Dermot*, and *Frank M'Connally*, we overtook a very modest milch cow, when *O'Dermot* cries "look ye honey, there's a mighty pretty occasion to shew your horsemanship."

Ran. And you not to be cow'd by a cow—

Rack. With a spring I rose—

Ran. And like a calf fell i'the mire:

Rack. How I got on I know not, but the kick'd so brutalish, that in spite of my horsemanship—

Ran. Alias cowmanship:

Rack. She toss'd me clean over her head, *Ran.* Mott uncleanly into the mud.

Rack. And so—

Ran. You broke your nose: Cowriding—Oh that's too good—ha! ha! ha!—

Rack. Poh! poh! why it might have happened to any body; don't mention it, one would not have every body know it—

Ran. Ohit speaks plain enough for itself; look in the glais and your fins will flare you in the face;—Egad, your nose will be as useful to me as *Bardolph's* was to the fat knight; I shall never look on it but I shall think of an undertaker's hearse; the black pall covering the corpse of my old uncle, t'will encourage me to persevere *sans soucie*, tho' *sans fix fous*, and look forward to his removal from the world of iniquity—

Rack. Come, come, my nose disclaims all relationship; but pray when do you proceed to Canada to join your regiment?

Ran. I don't know—I believe it is too late in the seafon—they tell me that the lakes will be broke up before I can get there—I believe I shall go home in the first packet—if the women will let me—you have the finest women in this place—pray is *Miss Fenton* or your wife to be seen this morning?

Rack. I suppose so, we will see.

Enter JACOB.

J. Sair, dere is goo peoples vaunts you.

(*Ranter walks back.*)

Rack. What do they want? Is it any of the English gentlemen I have had goods from, *Mr. Wringe*, or *Mr. Gripe*, or *Mr. Twifit*? If it is, I am not at home.

J. Sair, it is doo contre peoples from Longisland, for coods out of de store.

Rack. Oh---hang it---I cant attend to business---ask them to call again---

J. Sair, *Mr. Quill* vaunts to know if dere is any coods to go to vendue today, and if you'll open store.

Rack. No, it is too bad weather—no, I shall do nothing today—I'll tell my wife you are here, (to *Ran.*) Excuse me a few minutes.

[*Exit with Jacob.*
RANTER.

RANTER alone, advances.

A convenient fellow this, he sends his wife with as little jealousy as a Frenchman. His wife is a fine woman, and as giddy and vain as I could wish ; I think she will not hold out long ; in the mean time I will make use of the husband's purse to defray necessary expenses, and make presents, or else my diamond must soon go—what does Miss Felton mean by rivetting her eyes so constantly on it ? I hope she never saw it on any other finger—hang fear of detection ; if I can seduce Racket's wife, marry her sister, secure her fortune, and get off, I shall—ha ! my dear Mrs. Racket, good morning.

Enter Mrs. RACKET.

Mrs. Rack. Good morning, Capt. Ranter.

Ran. Upon my soul you have the most elegant taste in dress that ever I saw ; there never was a more enchanting undress in life.

Mrs. Rack. Oh fye, you flatterer ! but do these dresses become me ? Sincerely now, without flattery.

Ran. By all that's pretty and amiable, you look divinely : let me die, but that I see the roses come and go, I should think you had been putting on rouge this morning. I should swear nature could not shew so charming ! so delicate a tint !

Mrs. Rack. (aside) Well, there is nothing like a British officer after all : (aloud) oh this is too gross, I am angry : you make me blush.

Ran. (aside) I am much mistaken if you do not blush the same tint all day for all that : (aloud) I never was convinced of the reality of witches till I saw you.

Mrs. R. How so ?

Ran. Why besides that bewitching power you have over every heart : (takes her hand, she draws it away and frowns) you, you, you must deal with the devil, to get these English fashions so soon ; for as I live, you exhibit the modes of Westminister at New-york, before they have got t'other side Templebar.

Mrs. R. I never wore it but once before today, and then there was so many illnat'd observations made, that it was delightful. Meekly always makes it her business to come and tell all the remarks that are made upon me that she thinks will mortify, with a pretended friendly officiousness ; but she quite mistakes my feelings :—Law, says one, “ what an out of the way thing Mrs. Racket has got on ; that woman tries to deform herself, tho' there's little need ! ” Says another, “ why the thing would look well enough if it was on a person of tolerable shape, and put on with any taste ! ” Aye, cries the third, “ she has always some extravagant new dress or other, we shall have her husband calling his creditors together for a shilling in the pound.”

Ran. Ha ! ha ! ha ! envy is the shadow, Madam, that always attends supererogation elegance or taste of any kind—but apropos, the ball last night.—

Mrs. R. Oh ! ah ! don't you think we

have a very curious set of originals in our city ? We are a match for the most polish'd people in Europe ; we can shew you lawyers without common sense, soldiers without courage, gentlemen without politeness, and virtuous ladies without modesty.

Ran. You have some very pretty fellows.

Mrs. R. Yes ; there is *Jacky Prig*, with his arch'd eye brows and white teeth ; I protest I am ready to scream out in his face when he advances to speak with me—and *Billy Simper* too. (Rack. without) It is not to borne, nor shall it.

Mrs. R. Oh heavens ! what's the matter ?

Enter RACKET putting on his coat, and a silk handkerchief about his neck.

Rack. Never was man plagued with such mulish people about him—all the plagues of hell are combined to torment me.

Mrs. R. Blest me what's the matter ?—I shall faint—

Rack. Faint !—you faint ?—

Ran. Lean on me, Madam—for shame Racket, for shame, consider it is a lady you are speaking to, and your wife.

Rack. Yes, Sir, she is my wife—racks and tortures—she is my wife—I shall go mad.

Mrs. R. Why Mr. Racket, what's the matter ?

Rack. The matter, Madam—why you or some of you, Madam, have sent me a shirt without buttons to the collar---not one button---do you mean to insult me, Madam ? Must my time be taken up with changing shirts and buttoning collars ?

Mrs. R. Is that all, Sir ?

Rac. All !—*Susannah* ! all indeed !

Enter SUSANNAH.

Susy get me shirt, and examine if the buttons are on the collar---if you please ; be quick, *Susy*—all indeed. [Exit with *Susy*.

Mrs. R. Oh Sir, that you should be a witness to such a scene.

Ran. Let not that distress you, Madam, we are all subject to our passions --his speaking so tenderly to *Susannah*, must have been only to mortify you---for tho' she is a handsome girl, he certainly cannot be such a villain.

Mrs. R. Have you a smelling bottle Sir ?

Ran. Yes, Madam, pray lean on me.

Mrs. R. (leaning on Ran.) I die with shame.

Ran. Conside in me Madam, I have the tenderest feelings of your wrongs, was I---Enter Col. DUNCAN, and CARTRIDGE with a portmanteau.

Col. Cartridge, we have got in the wrong house !

Ran. Curse the intrusion ! (Both confused.)

Col. I humbly beg pardon, Madam, I mistook this house for Mr. Racket's.

Car. Your honour, you are right ; I am afraid Madam mistook that gentleman for her husband, tho'---

Col. What, Cartridge ! yes, it is *Maria*—I am sorry, Madam, that I should interrupt so familiar a tete-a-tete.

Ran.

Ran. Sir, by what authority?

Col. Young man, speak when you are spoken to ; where's your husband, *Maria*?

Mrs. R. I fear, Sir, these unfortunate appearances will hurt me in your good opinion ; but when you know the cause of my---

Col. Cause ! ---cause for leaning in the arms of such a companion ! I would at least have shut the door.

Mrs. R. Sir, your ungenerous constructions rouie my resentment.

Ran. Permit me, madam, to resent this indignity.---Damn me, Sir---

Col. With all my heart, Sir ; who are you ? Take care, boy ; I may perhaps at this time be too easily provoked to punish insolence as it deserves.

Car. (During the Colonel's speech, bandles his sword.) Your honour, if there were two of them.

Enter RACKET, speaking.

Rack. Heyday ! what's the noise now ? Oh Colonel, I am very glad to see you, Sir :---(Aside) What has brought him this way ?

Col. Who is this young man ?

Rack. My friend, Capt. Ranter, Sir.

Col. Friend, Captain. (Contemptuously.)

Ran. Old gentleman, you shall hear from me :---Come, Madam, this accident need not stop our walk.

Mrs. R. I will go with pleasure---I shall not trouble myself to explain matters any farther ; come Capt. [Exit Mrs. R. and Ran.

Car. Captain ! I thought we had some bad enough. [Follows and exit.

Col. Who is this friend of yours ?

Rack. A British officer, Sir, who arrived the other day from *Halifax* ;---he stays a few days to amuse himself.

Col. With your wife ; very pretty and perfectly a la militaire.

Rack. Sir, my opinion of my wife's virtue, is not to be shaken by trifles.

Col. I hope she deserves it.

Rack. I do not know, Sir, what has given rise to your intimation---but if you please to walk in and stay with us, I hope every prejudice you may have conceived will be removed.

Col. I will follow. [Exit Racket.

I fear I did wrong in giving my friend's daughter to this man ; there is a strange alteration ; I long to see her sister ; when their father died, he call'd the pretty prattlers to his bed, and laying a hand on each, he look'd in my face most wistfully. (Takes out his handkerchief) "Duncan," says he, "these babes have lost an angel mother ! I too am going : I have nought to leave them but you ;"---And I have lov'd them, *Felton*---(Wipes his eyes)---if thy departed spirit views the deeds of once dear friends, surely thou art pleas'd to see, that I have dragg'd these aged limbs so many weary miles, to watch and guard their fortunes.---Yes, *Felton*, while this heart beats, they shall feel my protection ; and when these grey hairs no longer rustle in the wind, still shall they feel and bless it. [Exit.

A C T II.

Enter Col. DUNCAN and CARTRIDGE.

Col. WELL Cartridge, since I have had your opinion of the rest of the family, what think you of Mr. Racket's aunt ? Widow *Granade* ?

Car. Why your honour, I think it's a pity she is not an officer's lady.

Col. Why so, Cartridge ?

Car. Why *Suzannah* says, Sir, that she is so fond of every thing military, that she makes the cook form every dish that comes to table into some kind of fortification.

Col. If we had our grafs plot here, we might amuse the widow by some military matters of our directing.

Car. Yes, Sir, that we might. I have just come from reconnoitering one of the sweetest places for carrying on a siege that ever was made.

Col. Where, Cartridge ?

Car. In Mr. Racket's garden, your honour. If we can but get leave to dig it up.

Col. I will take a look at it bye and bye. Have the trunks come yet, with the rest of the baggage ; and the artillery trunk ?

Car. Not yet, your honour. I have got three boots in the trunk that have not a hole in them ; they will make most excellent two and thirty's. I think sometimes your honour, that your honour and I are something like Capt. *Shandy* and *Trim*, when we are busy in our grafs plot, forming sieges and storming cities.

Col. I wish we were such good hearted creatures, Cartridge.

Car. Not that I am worthy to be compared to the gallant corporal, but only as you use me, as he was used ; but yes, one would swear was his master's twin brother in goodness : Oh your honour, how did you make me love you, when you was lying on the field at *Monmouth*, weeping in your blood, the sun scorching you to death, and you gasping with heat and thirst ; I gave your honour my canteen with buttermilk, and you would not drink till you had given it to the British grenadier that was dying by the side of you.

Col. Cartridge, you should not mention these things. I would rather march up to a breach in the face of a regiment's fire, than to be told that my actions are virtuous.

Car. Your honour need not blush. I'm sure I did not mean to offend your honour. Enter *Wid. GRENADE* and *Mrs. FELTON*.

Wid. Colonel, you had better have your portmanteau carried up stairs to your room ; it is necessary to have an eye to the baggage, and as you intend to reinforce our garrison, I would advise to detach Cartridge from the main body for the present, and give that charge to him.

Car. Bless her, how she talks !

Col. Cartridge, let this lady's counsels always be considered as commands.

Car. Your honour.

[Exit with portmanteau.

Wid. I see every day, Colonel, how well gallantry agrees with the profession of arms :

as my dear Capt. *Grenade* used to say, "Why should I draw my sword but to preserve and serve the fair?" You Colonel, have thro' life—if we may judge by the present—made arms and the fair your study.

Col. I have always studied to please the fair, at least I have always felt the wish to please them, Madam; but my study of arms is of a later date: your nephew, Mr. *Racket*, has not spoken much of me, or you might have known that phyliick was my profession, till my country's wrongs call'd me to change the lancet for the sword, and join my endeavours to rid her of the scarlet fever, under which she groaned. Our success has made arms delightful to me, and as fortune has blest me with her favours, I indulge myself with honest *Cartridge* in playful arts of defence.

Wid. I should think, Colonel, that after the wounds you have received, and the various hardships you have undergone, the thoughts of war would not be so pleasant. How can your country ever repay you for the blood you have shed in her service?

Col. I am amply paid by this, Madam. (Shows the order of Cincinnati.) This glorious badge, marks me out to my countrymen as their friend, the soldier of liberty, and companion of *WASHINGTON*.—Oh my brother in the healing art! why didst thou not live past *Princeton's* glorious day, to have worn with me the golden eagle and the honest scars? But thou, *Mercer*! wast impatient to join the heroes of *Quebeck* and *Bunker's Hill*, and tell them, *Britain's* arms no more prevailed.—Pardon me, Madam, you have made me feel.—But why look you so sad, my *Caroline*?

Wid. For these two months, she has looked as gloomy as the English politicians after the capture of *Burgoyne*; I fear from that figh, some soldier has fallen in her way as clever at captures as *Gates*.

Miss F. Indeed, Sir, I was attentively listening to your discourse, and the figh that heav'd your bosom at the recollection of your lost friends, caused a responding burst from the breast of your *Caroline*.

Wid. *Miss Felton* has not the spirits of her sister *Mrs. Racket*.

Col. (to *Miss Felton*) When your father lived, and I us'd to call you my little darling, your spirits were as lively as your sister's, and playful as the kitten, yet unstain'd with blood.—You was then a good girl, and you look good yet, my darling.

Miss F. I thank you, Sir—I will endeavour to deserve our love,---(Aside) This tenderness is too much for me now.

[Bursts into tears and exit.

Col. Tears so near at hand!

Wid. Indeed, Sir, she is not happy; she is far from it: ever since my arrival, she has worn the mark of melancholy in her face, but since Captain *Ranter* came, she has appear'd in continual agitation, and never blessed us with a smile till she saw you.

Col. Alas my poor girl; 'tis four years since I saw her: I was then a favourite of her young heart, and then it was one of the best of hearts.

Wid. Indeed, Sir, I believe it is so yet, she is tenderness itself! you, I understand, tho' so long absent from them—was their father's friend, and are the patron and supporter of her and her sister. The money she receives from you, is employed in deeds of holiness.

Col. Say you so? Lovely girl! sure, such a heart must not long be wrung by anguish, for whatever fools may say, heaven will not leave the virtuous to sorrow.

Wid. I will tell you, Sir, what rivetted my love to her. One day not being well, she had retired to her chamber; I went up to enquire how she did, when opening the door without noise, thinking she might be asleep, a scene presented itself which angels might have gaz'd upon with pleasure; a poor woman with four sweet babes, all on their knees before her; I stood motionless, and heard the woman pouring forth the most grateful acknowledgments for a husband rescued from prison, an unfortunate debtor restored to his starving children, and their wretched mother! the tears started from my eyes---I dared not go in---she was in tears, and so absorbed, that she could not attend to any noise I made; I feared to interrupt her, and stole away.

Col. (taking her hand) You are as good as she is---

Enter RANTER and Mrs. RACKET *from the street.*

Ran. Ha, ha, ha! old crabstick has attack'd the widow---ha, ha, ha! my dear *Mrs. Racket*, this is a good one, faith---ha, ha, ha---I would at least have shut the door,---ha, ha, ha!

(Col. stands confused and agitated.)

Wid. Puppy!

Ran. Madam, Madam, if a man was to say that---

Col. (aloud) Puppy! (the Col. walks by him, contemptuously repeating) puppy, puppy, puppy, puppy.

[Exit.]

Ran. This must be answer'd dam'mee---

Mrs. R. (holding him) Oh! Captain stay---there will be blood shed---for heaven's sake---

Wid. Let him go, Madam, he can take care of himself---a prudent gentleman.

[Exit.]

Mrs. R. Oh! don't go Captain.

Ran. Madam, my honour, my injur'd honour!---but your commandus, Madam, and his age protect him.

Enter RACKET.

Rack. What's the matter *Ranter*? Nothing but quarrelling to day! you and the Colonel can't agree.

Mrs. R. Why, my dear Mr. *Racket*, the Colonel is so intolerably quarrelsome—the Captain did but laugh at him a little, and he was in such a passion.

Ran. Upon my word, we found the old blade squeezing your aunt's wither'd fit-ha,

ha, ha, ha ! 'twas too ridiculous, faith.

Enter Doctor QUIESCENT.

Qui. Oh Racket, how do do ?

Rac. My dear Quizzy, how goes it ? — Ranter, this is my friend, Doctor Quiescent — Doctor, this is Capt. Ranter, just arrived in the last packet from *Halifax*.

Qui. How do do, Sir ? I'm very glad to see you indeed : — Racket — this way — here — just come from tea ? — Does he want me think ?

Rac. Ha, ha ! Oh no, I believe not, ha, ha, ha !

Qui. Servant, Ma'am — fine weather ! ha — a little rainy, but that's good for the country. — A fine season for colds and coughs — Oh ! Racket, my dear fellow, I heard that you had been precipitated from a considerable elevation, and had fractured the *os parietalia*.

Rac. I tumbled from a cow's back, and broke my nose.

Qui. You, by the precipitation have caused an incision, in the *occipito frontalis*. Ay, ay ! I was call'd to a curious case last evening —

Rac. (Aside) Then I'm off — (while the Doctor is speaking, Racket goes out. Ranter and Mrs. Racket retire back laughing.)

Qui. Pretty late ; very dark ; monstrous dark — cursed cold — monstrous cold indeed ; very often the case with us, call'd up at all times and seasons ; us'd to be so at *St. Thomas's*, when I was a student ; call'd up one night to a pauper that had his skull most elegantly fractured, his leg most beautifully broke, and the finest dislocation of a shoulder I ever saw : but I soon brought about a concatenation of all the bones (sees them) Oh ! oh ! you are there are you ! I thought you was by me here — ha, ha, ha ! — so you see, Madam — as I was saying — you see, Madam — I — (follows them talking.)

Reenter RACKET.

Rac. (aside) So the Doctor's at it yet. (They advance.)

Qui. Thus you see, Racket, the bone was adroit, and the patient reduced to a perfectly quiescent state. Nothing like taratar emetic —

Ran. Ay, Doctor, you must gain great credit by that cure.

Qui. Why, Sir, they do begin to find me out.

Rac. (aside) Yes, I believe you are smoked.

Qui. I will assure you I have a pretty practice, considering the partiality that the people of this country have to old women's prescriptions — hoar hound, cabbage leaves, robin run a way, dandy grey russet, and the like. A young man of ever so liberal and scientifick an education, can hardly make himself known.

Mrs. R. But you have made yourself known, doctor.

Qui. Why, yes, Ma'am, I found there was but two methods of gaining reputation

made use of by our physicians, so, for fear of taking the wrong, I took both. —

Mrs. R. What are they Doctor ?

Qui. Writing for the newspapers, or challenging and caning all the rest of the faculty. Racket, did I tell you of the child that broke his —

Rack. Yes, yes — Oh, ay, you told me that —

Qui. There is a Westindia gentleman who has a curst cachetick habit, who I —

Rack. Ay, ay, so he has ; but Doctor — how stands your affair with *Miss Gingum* ? Almost married I suppose, ha ?

Qui. My landlady is a clever old woman —

Rack. Ay, but you don't think of marrying her.

Qui. Ha, ha, ha ! no — good — good — but poor woman, she is very much afflicted —

Rack. Ay, ay ; but *Miss Gingum* —

Qui. Poh, poh, poh, what's *Miss Gingum* to my landlady's case — as I was saying, I prescribed three grains —

Rack. But *Miss Gingum* —

Qui. Why damn *Miss Gingum* ! I'm off with her : There is a fracture in our concatenation — Racket — she required too much attention — more than a philosophically scientifick mind can bestow upon a woman. I paid my visits at the house three weeks, and then I asked her if she would have me ?

Mrs. R. Well, Doctor, and what did she say ?

Qui. Nothing.

Ran. Nothing ! ha, ha, ha !

Qui. She laugh'd.

Rack. Ha, ha, ha ! she did, ha ! Well, and what did you say ?

Qui. " Damn me, Miss," says I, " By " and I swore " I will never come into your father's house again." — I am very glad she did not take me at my word, Racket, for I am most immoderately enamour'd of your sister. She is in I suppose — I will look, for I have something to impart of consequence — Captain, your servant — Madam, your's — good bye, Racket — with your permission — good bye.

[Exit.

Ran. He is a queerity, by all that's quiz-zish !

Rack. That, Sir, is a travelled American, who has been gaining knowledge, in *England*, *Scotland*, *France* and *Italy* ; but most unfortunately, cannot prevail upon any two ideas to become acquainted with each other. His head is *Newyork*, on *May* day, all the furniture wandering.

Reenter QUIESCENT.

Qui. Racket, I want to tell you —

Mrs. R. Could not you find my sister ?

Qui. I want to tell you, Madam, of a monstrous mortification —

Rack. Poh ! poh ! nonsense ; is *Caroline* at home ?

Qui. Who ? — Oh ! ah ! — I don't know — I'll tell ye — I had half ascended to the supreme height of your staircase, when I recollect, or rather happened to think, that

that I have not told you of an affair that happened last night. I told you that I employ'd an artist, commonly called a sign painter, to delineate my name upon a painted board, to put over my door : Well, Sir ! it was performed : Look'd very well too---very well, I will assure you. "Doctor Quiescent," gold characters : Well designated : This striking the organ of vision, denoted my place of residence ; ha ! good ! wasn't it ? I got a case of polypusses by it immediately.

Ran. Pray, Sir, what kind of instruments are they ?

Qui. Instruments ! Oh my dear fellow, learn grammar. Polypusses are---

Rack. Nay, but Doctor, the sign.

Qui. Ay : right :---good : so, Sir---ay ---it was put up---ay---I think I told you it was painted : Well, Sir, last night---I will assure you it look'd very well, fine large letters ; well, Sir, the last night some body or other took it down, and nail'd it over a duck coop ; "Doctor Quiescent," says the gold letters, " quack, quack, quack," says the ducks :---'twas illiberal, cursed illiberal---what a beautiful fracture of the *os femoris* I saw this morning---the upper portion of the bone---

Enter SUSANNAH.

Suf. Ma'am, Ma'am, Mrs. Bounce Flobby wants you to go a hopping with her.

Mrs. R. Shopping, I suppose you mean.

Suf. Nan ! I gues the did mean so, for the nation knows she doesnt look much like hopping, I gues.

Mrs. R. Now we shall overturn every shop in William street---alons ! (the Doctor and Captain officially wait upon her out.)

Rack. Suf, you must not forget what you are to do for me this evening.

Suf. Law fouls ! I protest I can't think, nor gues ni'ther, what you want to dress yourself in Madam's clothes for, not I : But I vow you sha'n't put them on in my room, no more you sha'n't : You may frolick in Mistress's room, but you sha'n't frolick in mine, no more you sha'n't.

Rack. Well, well, but you must dress me ---I don't know how to dress myself---

Suf. If you wont squeeze me so as you did last night, when I let you in with your face all bloody and muddy :---I gues you have got some mischief in you, I gues you have.

Rack. Me ! my pretty Susan ! if you did but know how I love you, you would not think I could harm ye---(throws his arm around her) Well then, Susan, as soon as it grows dark, get the clothes, and we will go to your Mistress's chamber, there is no fear but she will be out, and then, Suf---

Reenter QUIESCENT, (RACKET disengages himself.)

Qui. So, Racket ! the upper portion of the bone being very much shatter'd, I had recourse to---

Rack. Excuse me---infernall puppy.

[Exit.

Qui. So, Miss Susan, the upper portion of the *os femoris* --

Suf. Mr. Doctor, I don't understand being call'd names, no more I don't ; I wonder folks a'n't ashamed to swear as you do---I wo'n't be call'd feminine ox by any body, no more I wo'n't---it shows your breeding---feminine ox ! law fouls ! [Exit.

QUIESCENT alone.

She don't understand grammar. It was a singular case. I'll publish it in *Child's*, No it deserves to be longer lived than a newspaper. I will transcribe it, correct it, and commit it to the Editor of the *American Magazine*.

A C T III.

Miss FELTON alone.

WEEK after week has flown, and not a word from *Henry* ;---I am strangely, uncommonly agitated ;---if he is false---false ! forgive me *Henry* ; no ! some cruel accident ---death, perhaps !---the ring--- let me fly these thoughts, there's mischief in them. Nought can afford a moment's respite but musick, heavenly art. Oh matchless power of passion stilling found, when old ocean has been toss'd by rude contending winds, 'till having spent their rage, they leave it all convul'd, and heaving to and fro ; then the mild south comes gently stealing from his aromatic isles, and lulls the waves to rest ; so musick softly steals upon the ear, and calms the woe worn mind---(sings)

S O N G.

Cease, flutt'rer cease, nor rend my breast,
Nor thus my sorrows move ;
Soon will he come, and with him rest,
And peace, and joy, and love.
Or if to heav'n his spirit flies,
Forc'd by relentless fate ;
I'll soar aloft, and cleave the skies,
We'll meet at heav'n's bright gate.---

Enter Col. DUNCAN.

Col. Caroline, who is that young man in black, that I see about the house, continually chattering to all he meets ?

Miss F. That, Sir, is Doctor Quiescent a young physician of *Rhodeisland*, who has studied in *Europe* ; he supposes himself an admirer of mine, and pesters me accordingly---

Col. But the insolence of that Ranter exceeds belief, that he should pretend to you, my *Caroline*---

Miss F. Yes, Sir, and swears his attentions to my sister, are only designed to make his visits here more easy, by flattering her vanity ; begs I would not discover his passion for me, as that would deprive him of the easy access he has to my conversation---

Col. Familiar puppy !

Miss F. Thus, Sir, I am continually persecuted, while my sister and Mr. Racket, are driving down a precipice into a gulph of poverty, misery, and reproach---

Col. My good girl, they shall be saved, and you rid of the troublesome addresses of

those .

Those coxcombs : But tell me *Caroline*, is this all ? Is there no other grief lurking in your breast, dimming the lustre of those eyes, whose sparkling once cheer'd your old fond father, and sucking the blood from those checks, which by long disuse, have almost lost their dimples ? Lay your breast open to me, that I may drag the traitor from his lurking place ; or if too firmly fixed, may share the sorrows of my heart's darling.

Mrs F. Sir, your goodness is too much ; you have always wished me, since the death of your friend, my father, to look upon, to call you by that tender name : Indeed Sir, you have made me love you as such.

Col. I once might have hoped to call you my daughter---but no more of that---

Mrs F. Sir !

Col. What my child ? I beg pardon my dear, I was lost---proceed---

Mrs. F. Did you say a right to call me daughter ?

Col. I did ; you are now the only one I have to call my child : My old limbs are weary, let us sit, (*she sits.*) I will not trouble you with the story of an old man's sorrows.

Mrs F. If I am worthy of your confidence ?

Col. You are, and since I ask the secrets of your heart, it is but just you should know the man in whom you confide.

Mrs F. On that principle do not speak, I fear not to repose confidence in the friend of the orphan, the champion of virtue and religion : I only ask it as a proof of love.

Col. Then listen my child to what no mortal ear has ever heard ; five and twenty years have passed since it pleased heaven to take from these widowed arms, a woman, who was then what you now are ; lovely, virtuous, and affectionate. When I married, I was a student of phyick at the university of Edinburgh, and the lady being left destitute, by means too tedious to relate, I dared not to inform my friends of my marriage ; but supported her privately out of the allowance I had for my own subsistence. It pleased heaven to bless us with a son ; but soon after his birth, his mother fell sick and died. Sickness and death obliged me to draw for more money than my friends thought necessary ; and not daring to declare the truth, I was ordered home---now what to do with the infant, who, for his mother's sake, I loved dearer than life. I had formed a strict friendship with an officer of fortune, then stationed at Edinburgh ; he knew all, and insisted on my leaving the unfortunate boy with him, to be educated as his own, till time permitted to discover the marriage.

Mrs F. And could you leave the little innocent ?

Col. Prudence demanded that I should ; I was poor, dependent on relations. After my return, these reasons prevented my owning the boy, whilst I constantly heard from my friend, of his improvement and good qualities, so that I longed to see and con-

template the image of his much loved mother. At the commencement of the dispute between America and Britain, my friend was ordered with his regiment to this country, and brought my son with him, having previous to any sign of such quarrel, procured an ensign's commission in the regiment he himself belonged to ; while I joined my country's banner, and drew my sword in opposition to my friend and child, now a youth of near fifteen years of age.

Mrs F. Alas ! how many kindred souls were thus divided !

Col. My affairs being now made easy by the death of relations, and the acquisition of a large estate, I wrote to my friend, and desired him to send my son, but I suppose he never received my letter, and I heard no more till I saw their names in the long list of the slain at Bunker's hill---pardon me, my heart is full---(*she rises*)---pardon my weakness ; the remembrance of former scenes have quite unman'd me ; I cannot now attend to your tale ; after dinner I will meet you here to learn your case of sorrow.

[Exit.]

Mrs FETTON alone.

Alas ! and even this good man has had his share of woe---then must not I complain. If thus, as in this gallant soldier, the lessons of affliction can ripen the soul to humanity, who will say the decrees of Providence are unfathomable or unjust. [Exit.]

Enter *SUSANNAH and CARTRIDGE.*

Car. So *Mrs. Sufy*, out of my master's old boots I form all my field pieces. I have made two this morning ; I only want aprons to cover the breeches.

Suf. Goody gracious, Mr. Cartridge, I gues you hadn't better not talk to me of such things, I gues you hadn't.

Car. Why ! What ?

Suf. Ay now, you only want me to say so I gues, but I won't though.

Car. I do not altogether understand you

Mrs. Sufy, but to go on ; I shall make a finish of the ravelin in a day or two, and then--

Suf. Law, why if you had axt me I could have given you plenty of ravelins ; I unravelled the best part of two worsted stockings just now.

Car. Oh, I mean a half moon, a salient angle.

Suf. Well, you know what you mean, may be, but I am sure I don't ; I had rather hear you talk about the Colonel ; law souls what a good gentleman he is, *Mr. Cartridge*.

Car. Good, ay, that he is ! Oh if you did but know him *Mrs. Sufy* ; I have known him brush away the mosquito that bit him with his handkerchief, thus---"I can forgive thee" says he " thou actest up to thy nature ; but when man flings I punish, for disgracing his godlike reason." He will not let any body that has to do with him, kill any toads and such things, for he says they are not only harmless, but useful.

Suf.

Suf. Oh marcy ! not kill toads ?---Oh my goody gracious : man !

Car. Oh, it does my heart good to see him in the winter lay the shovel and tongs from the backlog to the hearth, to make bridges for the escape of the poor creatures that the cold had driven into the wood for shelter, such as most people brush into the flames ; and I can assure you, *Mrs. Sufy*, he is not one of those, who, while they weep for the fate of a fly, a sparrow, or a kitten, will turn a deaf ear to the plaints of the widow and orphan :---No ! no *Mrs. Sufy*, he saves from sorrow all that fall in his way, the man as well as the insect.

Suf. Well I declare and protest I like to hear you talk ; you know grammar, as the doctor says.

Car. Not much of that, *Mrs. Sufy*, I had the benefit of a country school, and since I have been with his honour I have read for him, and under his instructions ; when his honour was wounded, I used to sit by his bed side and read to him his favourite stories out of *Trifram Skandy*, till he forgot his long confinement, and his pain, the tears trickled down his cheeks for poor *Le Fevre* and his boy, and like *Captain Skandy*, he would say, " *Cartridge*, I wish I was asleep."

Suf. How a body could love such a gentleman.

Car. Well, *Mrs. Sufy*, they say " like master like man," ha ! I am a tough bit of hickory, well seasoned and fit for service ; my face is the oldest part about me *Mrs. Sufy*.

Suf. Law *Mr. Cartridge*.

Enter JACOB.

J. Sufan, der is de cook vaunts you ; I will you'd git into de kitchen and mind your own piuness.

Suf. Well I guess that's nothing to you, you surely Dutch hog you.

[*Exit.*]

Car. Brother soldier, when you speak to a woman always remember that you are a man.

J. Vaut ? I don't know vaut you say—

Enter Doctor QUIESCENT.

Qui. So *Jacob*, did you see that gentleman part from me at the door ? A man of great reading—a good grammarian, and excellent latinist ; curious that he should employ me when he has a brother in town a physician !

J. Sair !—my master's at tiner, Sair.

Qui. You are the Colonel's servant ? (*Car.* bows) your surgeons made fine slaugh-tering work during the war—

Car. I believe, Sir, our soldiers were properly attended to, I can answer for my master's regiment ; he visited the sick every day, and saw every necessary for their recovery properly administered ; he would walk from tent to tent, and—

Qui. A curious case, *Mr. Cartridge*—

Car. It is a pity it should be so, Sir—

Qui. Pity ! Oh no ; I am very glad of it,

the same occurred once before ; a gentleman, whose brother was a medical man, consulted me on a case—

J. (*Aside to Cartridge*) He's crazy.

Car. Oh I thank you, he does look wild.

Qui. So I ordered—

J. I'll tell my master, Sair. [Exit.]

[*Car bows respectfully, and exit.*]

QUIESCENT alone.

Qui.—Tartar emetic, quantum sufficit.

[Enter *SUSANNAH*.]

Qui. A very curious case, *Mrs. Susan*. *Suf.* Yes, Sir, but its a nation deal too large.

Qui. Too large ! ha ?

Suf. The bookcase ; the carpenter has made it to large, that I guess it won't go up stairs—I want *Jacob* to help—

[*Exit across the stage.*]

QUIESCENT alone.

"Tis wonderful people can be so fond of hearing their own organs of articulation, that they cannot attend to plain matter of fact, though ever so curious—Oh ! here she comes—I shall have an opportunity of proposing the matter ; no notion of making many words in such affairs—

[Enter *Miss FELTON*.]

Qui. Ahem !—pleasant day, Ma'am.

Miss F. Rather rainy I thought, Sir—

Qui. True, Ma'am, rather rainy—it is rather rainy, indeed, but that's good for the country—ahem !—ahem ! *Miss Felton*, I have something to communicate of vast consequence to you, and all your connexions—

Miss. F. (*Aside*) Surely he has heard something about this *Capt. Ranter*, and the ring—

Qui. Ahem ! pray Miss, how long has *Captain Ranter* been in town ?

Miss F. But a few days, Sir—it must be so. (*Aside*)

Qui. It is said that this *Capt. Ranter*—

Miss F. What has he done, Sir ?

Qui. He has visited you very often.

Miss F. He has often visited at the house, Sir—pray, Doctor, if you have heard any thing of him tell me—

Qui. Dear little heart, she thinks what I am about ;—this *Ranter*, Ma'am, is a mere coxcomical spendthrift—how impatient she is, pretty creature, I have her—now I should think, *Miss Felton*, that a young man of character—scientific—philosophic—versed in the languages—high in his profession ; profound in his meditations ; deep in his cogitations ; would be more likely to gain your attention, than such an empty fellow as *Ranter*—

Miss F. Certainly, Sir, a gentleman who has improved his mind, and—

Qui. Very true, Ma'am, very true ! indeed ! I always thought that you was a lady that looked for mental qualifications, ever since you listened so attentively to the case of the poor fellow that was killed by a mad ox—very extraordinary situation ! he—

Miss

Miss F. But, Doctor, did you hear any thing further of Capt. *Ranter*?

Qui. Ah ! she likes to hear me rail againit my rival--dear little soul--no, Ma'am, not a word ; he is a most egregious coxcomb ; wonderful people will make them selves ridiculous ;--keep up your spirits ; I will return in the evening ; must meet three of the faculty, to consult about *Obadiah Clump's* case--ha ! ha !--good bye--well, good bye--adieu--pretty creature.

[Exit.]

Miss F. *Felton* alone in surprise.

Surely the poor Doctor has lost his senses --heigh ho ! I am cruelly disappointed ; I thought to have heard something to ease my anxious soul ; Oh *Henry* ! *Henry* !

(*tucks herself on a sofa, weeping.*)

Enter *Col. Duncan*.

Col. My *Caroline* again in tears ! I am all impatience to hear the cause--speak quickly, my child--I will seat myself beside you--now, my child--

Miss F. I need not blush to say my grief proceeds from my doubts and fears for the welfare of an amiable man ; a man who won my heart nobly, and honourably gave me his own in return.

Col. You need not, indeed ; be more particular.

Miss F. When you was last here, Sir, at the marriage of my sister to Mr. *Racket*, you will recollect I was on a visit at *Halifax* ; there, Sir, it was my fortune to attract the attention of a British officer, amiable in his manners and person--but why should I praise him ? the sequel shews that he is amiable in my sight ; his many virtues and accomplishments gained my esteem--my love ! his post in the army (he being a Captain) might have enabled him to marry--but I proposed, and he agreed, that should the affair be acceptable to you and my other friends, he would as soon as he could, fell out, follow me to *Newyork*, and settle in some of the states, as fortune should hereafter determine--

Col. Yet I see no cause of grief.

Miss F. Now, Sir, I come to what alarms me ; oft had he shewn me a ring ; richly set ; hung round his neck by his dying mother, prized dearer than life ; and told me, when his brave father fell close by his side--he strove to utter something which much distressed him, but death stopped him short, and he dying, cried, "the ring--your father"---

Col. Gracious heaven !

Miss F. Sir !

Col. What was his name ?

Miss F. *Haller*.

Col. (falling on one knee)---It is !---he lives !---it is !---it is my son !---

Miss F. (rises) Oh wond'rous mercy !

Col. (rises) Come to my arms, dear messenger of peace---(embrace)---now indeed, my daughter !---but where---where is he ?

Miss F. Oh ! Sir---I fear---

Col. Speak, quickly speak---

Miss F. For six weeks I have not heard from my *Henry*, and that ring is worn by another---

Col. By whom ?

Miss F. Capt. *Ranter*.

Col. Oh my foreboding heart ; the villain has murder'd my child ; nothing but death could have torn it from him--where is the ruffian---vengeance---vengeance---heaven---

Miss F. Oh, Sir, calm these transports--I will see and question him--he has not killed him, Sir--see, Sir, he is coming this way to go out--

Col. Where is he ? Oh my impatient soul !

Miss F. Do not you speak to him, Sir. Permit me--Oh grant me fortitude !

Enter *RANTER*.

Ran. *Miss Felton*, I am happy in this meeting--he here--

Miss F. Sir I was wishing to see you--

Ran. I am proud to think I have been for a moment the subject of your thoughts--

Miss F. I wish, Sir, to know if you was acquainted with Capt. *Haller*, while you were in *Halifax*.

Ran. *Haller* !

Col. Yes, *Haller*--did you know him ?

Ran. Oh yes--yes, M'm'm--Oh yes--

Miss F. You knew him ?

Ran. As well as I know myself--ah, poor fellow--poor *Harry Haller* ! we were sworn brothers--

Col. Were ye ? Are you not now ?

Ran. Alas ! Sir, death has divided the pleasing tie--

Miss F. Dead ! oh !

(faints in the Colonel's arms.)

Col. Look up, angelick tenderness ; Oh just heaven, let me not lose both !--help--look up, my child !

Ran. What does this mean ? (Aside)

Col. She revives--

Miss F. Where am I--too soon memory answers, and overwhelms me with a tale of woe.

Col. Let me lead you to your chamber.

Miss F. No Sir, (starts from him) I must know more--that ring was his, Sir.

Ran. I--yes Madam--I know it Madam--this ring he, with his almost lifeless hand, placed here as a dear remembrance of our friendship.

Miss F. I am sick (Col. supports her) I wish to retire now, Sir.

Col. Sir, I must speak with you anon--Mysterious fate, what woes attend my age--Come my child.

Enter *RANTER* alone.

I am not safe ; an unexpected storm is bursting around me. The regiment never was here. No matter, danger threats, and prudence bids me fly ; as soon as friendly night affords me shelter : I am not safe.

[Exit.]

[Remainder next month.]

SINGULAR

SINGULAR ANECDOTE of the celebrated ABBE PREVOST.

Related by HIMSELF.

THE character of every man is governed by circumstances; and we may often observe, that one incident alone, especially at that period of juvenile impression when the soul is yet unblunted by a promiscuous intercourse with the world, shall give the law to our ideas, if not to our actions, ever after.

Of this truth, which, after all, is but one of the many proofs that philosophy has to adduce of the intimate connection of *mind* with *matter*, we have a striking instance in the gentleman who forms the subject of the present memoir, and who, not a little distinguished in the circles of *Belles lettres* on the Continent, is particularly admired for the graces, charming, however gloomy, with which, as a professed novelist, he has repeatedly enriched the regions of *sentiment* and *moral fiction*.

One evening, as he was at supper with a few intimate friends, men of letters like himself, the conversation insensibly turned upon the morals of the people; and in the course of a desultory comment on this topic, one of the company took occasion to observe, that no man however benevolent his disposition, or inoffensive his manners, could engage that he would never be himself subjected to the capital punishment of a criminal.

"Right (cried the Abbe Prevost): With truth too might you have added, Sir, it would be equally presumptuous in him to alledge, that he would never merit likewise that punishment."

To this doctrine, however, he could obtain no votaries.

"Well, gentlemen (resumed the Abbe) it matters not whether you are disposed to believe or disbelieve my position; but still I scruple not to maintain, that even with a disposition the most benevolent, and manners the most inoffensive, as our friend here has expressed himself, a man may sink into an abyss of guilt from which in this world he can never be extricated, and for which he shall himself acknowledge that the punishment of a *bâtar* would be but an imperfect atonement."

Here the company, with looks of astonishment at such language from the Abbe Prevost, declared with one voice, that he talked of an *impossibility*, or, at least, of what barely came within the line of being possible.

The Abbe, however, true to his text, thus proceeded:

"Come, gentlemen, we are all friends, and, relying on your discretion, I will furnish you with a lamentable proof, *in my own person*, of the truth of what I assert.—But, first, let me ask, does any person entertain the smallest suspicion concerning my integrity, my honour, my absence of vice in every shape?"

"Oh! by no means! (exclaimed every gentleman in the room)—We are all convinced that a *better* man breathes not than the Abbe Prevost."

"But there breathe, I hope, millions and millions more *innocent* (returned he).—Alas! What guilt can exceed that of a *parricide*?—Yet am I the very wretch I name.—Yes, gentlemen, strange, as it may appear, in me you behold the unhappy murderer of a beloved father!"

Even after this solemn exordium, the company knew not what to think, unless that, disposed to be *gravely jocular*, he had a mind to *play upon their credulity*, and to make a mock of their feelings. With one accord, however, they begged of him to relate his story; and accordingly, without further ceremony or interruption, he thus briefly unfolded it:

"Hardly, said he, had I quitted the University, when, visiting daily a little girl in the neighbourhood, of my own age, I became fond of her to distraction. Equally enraptured was her tenderness for me; nor was it long before, unable to repress those fascinating impulses of nature which our cruel stars denied us the liberty of sanctifying by *marriage*, we indulged ourselves in all the stolen sweets of a commerce, which however guiltless under circumstances like ours, the *knavery* of religion has for ages taught us to be criminal *in all cases*.

"Be this as it may, the consequence

of our clandestine intercourse was, that she became pregnant; a circumstance which, far from cooling my affections, served to inflame them, and to rivet my heart more firmly than ever to that of an amiable innocent, who, in yielding to me her love, had sacrificed to me also her honour.—Every minute of absence from her was now a minute of misery to me; and I seemed to exist but in proportion as I had opportunities of evincing, in her dear presence, the unalterable fervour of a passion pure as it was unbounded.

“ My relations, meanwhile, were daily complaining of my *idleness*, and urging me to fix upon some line of employment in which, justifying the fond expectations of a worthy family, I might establish myself for life in a state of honourable independence. But every employment I disdained which had not for its object the care of my beloved girl; nor did I know an ambition beyond the heart soothing one of pleasing and being pleased by *her*.

“ Matters, however, remained not long in this state of tranquillity; and the busy Demon of Scandal having, under the mask of Friendship, communicated to my father the news of my amour, he, one day—fatal accident!—surprised me in the arms of my mistress, who, by this time, was within two or three months of her delivery.—With a look that denounced vengeance upon us both, he bitterly upbraided her for her *guilty connexion* with his son; and, treating her as a common seductress, he even scrupled not to accuse her of being the base, the contaminated source of ruin to all his hopes.

“ Thunderstruck at the sight of a father whom I knew it impossible for me to appease, I trembled every joint; and at the sound of his voice, ready to sink into the earth with confusion, I found myself literally speechless. Not so the hapless girl. *She*, with an animation which conscious innocence alone could inspire, justified herself, and with streaming eyes, vindicated me.—Vain, however, were all her tears, her sighs, her entreaties; and if they produced an effect at all, it was that of adding fuel to the fire which already raged in the bosom of an incensed parent, and which it was no longer in the power

of nature, much less of reason, to extinguish.

“ At length he so far forgot himself as to strike her; and a scuffle ensuing from my attempts to shield her from his violence, she received from him a kick upon the stomach, which threw her senseless upon the floor.

“ I was now perfectly frantic; and in the delirium of my rage, darting at my father, I drove him headlong over the staircase.—The consequence—Heavens! that I should live to relate it! The consequence was, that his skull being fractured by the fall, he expired the same evening; though not without declaring, in the presence of a multitude of witnesses, that he owed his untimely death to *accident*, and not without breathing forth at the same time a fervent benediction on his son, the very wretch who had been his unnatural destroyer.

“ Every suspicion of *murder* being thus done away, he was interred without further enquiry; and thus was I, through an exertion of generosity and tenderness, of which few parents perhaps would be capable at so dreadful a crisis;—thus was I, gentlemen, exempted from the ignominy and horrour of terminating my existence upon a *gibbet*. Yet was I not exempted by it from feeling, in its utmost extent, the enomity of my crime. His dying kindness to me, on the contrary, served but to furnish fresh stings to my remorse; and at length, torn with all the pangs that can consume a wretch conscious that he is *unworthy to live*, yet conscious also that he is *unfit to die*, I determined to hide my sorrows from the world in the recesses of some cloister, gloomy as my own distracted soul.

“ Hence it was that I came to embrace the order of *Clugny*; and perhaps it is to this circumstance of irreparable guilt in my early youth, that, driven from the *natural* bias of my genius, I am indebted for those situations of terror, for those events of bloodshed, which, heightened with all the colouring of misanthropick gloom, have so long, and indeed so deservedly, been pronounced the characteristicks of my novels.”

Here the *Abbe* closed his narrative of woe, leaving the company to make their own reflections upon it.—In these,

as it may well be supposed, they discovered a mixture of pity and horrour; sensations to which they would have given a more decided expression, however, could they have been yet convinced of the *truth* of what he had so pathetically related.—In fine, the general opinion still was, that the whole of the *Abbe's* adventure deserved to be considered but as a mere incident, which he had planned for some future *novel* or *romance*, and of which, by previously relating it as an affair of his own, he was desirous to ascertain

the effect it would produce upon the sensibility of a set of enlightened readers.

We are inclined to think, however, that, whether it was an adventure of *reality*, or an adventure of *imagination*, it exhibited a scene of which no man would wish to appear the hero; and certain it is, that the *Abbe* himself, though repeatedly questioned concerning the authenticity of his story afterwards, still persisted in declaring every syllable of it to be a *melancholy truth*, and *no fiction*.

AN E C D O T E of MARGARET of VALDEMAR, generally stiled the SEMIRAMIS of the North.

[From COXE's Travels into Russia.]

THIS princess, daughter of Valdemar II. (king of Denmark) and Hedwige his queen, was born in 1353; and, if we may give credit to some of the Danish historians, owed her being to a circumstance as singular as her whole life was illustrious and eminent. Valdemar, in returning from a hunting party, chanced to repair to the castle of Schborg, where he had confined his consort Hedwige, on account of some ill grounded suspicions. Being pleased with one of the queen's attendants, he proposed an interview. The woman feigned compliance, but substituted her mistress in her stead, and Margaret was the fruit of their meeting; which has led a Danish historian to remark, in the high style of panegyrick, that the good which he unconsciously performed that night in begetting Margaret, amply compensated for all the evil actions of his life.

In the sixth year of her age, she was betrothed to Haquin, king of Norway, son of Magnus, king of Sweden, which was the first step to her future greatness. This marriage, after much opposition on the part of the Swedes, was solemnized at Copenhagen in 1363, when she was only in the eleventh year of her age. Margaret gave so many proofs of her prudence and courage, when Haquin lost the crown of Sweden, as induced Valdemar frequently to say of her, that nature intended her for a man and had erred in making her a woman.

Upon the demise of her father, in 1375, she had the address to secure the election of her son Oloff, then on-

ly five years of age, in preference to the son of her eldest sister, Ingeburga; and upon the death of her husband Haquin, she secured his succession to the crown of Norway. Being regent during Oloff's minority, her administration was so vigorous, prudent, and popular, that upon his premature death, in 1385, she was chosen queen by the states of Denmark; the first instance perhaps in a government wholly elective, in which custom had not authorized the election of a female, of a woman being exalted to the throne by the free and unanimous suffrages of a warlike people. With the same address she procured the crown of Norway, and was equally successful in gaining that of Sweden. Albert had been chosen king, and might have preserved his power, if it had not been his fate to contend with such a rival as Margaret. When, in allusion to her sex, he stiled her in derision, the king in petticoats, she answered his reproach by actions, not by words; and made him sorely repent of his vaunts, when he found himself worsted in every engagement; when deposed and captive, he owed his life to the clemency of the very woman whom he had so wantonly insulted.

By the famous union of Calmar, in 1397, she united the three northern kingdoms, and held them undivided during her reign, notwithstanding the aversion of the Swedes to the Danish government.

But from nothing is the vigour and policy of her conduct more conspicu-

ous than from this consideration, that the perpetual revolts and intestine convulsions, which continually disturbed the reigns of the sovereigns who immediately preceded and followed her, were subdued throughout her whole administration. This internal

tranquillity, more glorious though less splendid, than her warlike achievements, and which were very unusual in those turbulent times, could only be derived from the overruling ascendancy of her superior judgment.

The FALSE FRIEND.

The following romantick and melancholy affair happened at a village in Virginia a few years ago.

A YOUNG gentleman, the son of an attorney, had conceived a violent passion for the daughter of an eminent planter, at some distance from the place of his residence, and found means to make her acquainted with it. But on account of the disparity of their circumstances, he was refused. An accident, however, some time after brought them together at the house of a friend of the lady; when the gentleman so far prevailed as to be admitted on the terms of her lover; and they continued to see each other privately for several months. But at this time Mr. —— being disappointed in regard to fortune, it was judged proper for them to separate till his affairs should take a more favourable turn, when the match might be proposed to the lady's friends with some prospect of success. Their *confidante* was still their friend. They corresponded under the fictitious signatures of *Henry* and *Delia* to prevent detection; and their friend, whom, agreeable to their romantick plan, they called *Juliana*, was their female Mercury. As *Henry* of course was frequently at *Juliana*'s house, it was thought proper, the better to cover their design, that he should pass for that lady's lover; and this was universally believed to be the case. As *Henry*'s circumstances and expectations, though inferior to those of his mistress, were at least equal to *Juliana*'s, the latter conceived the perfidious design of making him her

lover in reality. To effect this, she endeavoured, by indiscreet insinuations, to prejudice him against the object of his love; hinted the little likelihood there appeared of such an union taking place, and how much happier marriages were likely to be where there was a greater parity of fortunes. Her endeavours however were fruitless. He saw through the artifice; and the discovery pained him the more, as he doubted not but she would use the same arts with his *Delia*, whom he could now neither caution against her, or, even if he could, her confidence in her was so great, that she would not believe it. With *Delia* therefore she was successful. Instigated by revenge, by the falsest and basest suggestions she effectually detached her from him, and it was not long after that she gave her hand to one of *Juliana*'s relations. The news reached the unhappy *Henry*.—Unable to bear the thought of her being possessed by another, in distraction and despair, he seized two loaded pistols, and rushing to the house which contained the pair who had that morning been wedded, he drove the contents of one of them through his *Delia*'s heart, and the other through his own.—The perfidious *Juliana*, so far from being affected, seemed to triumph in their fate. The hapless lovers were universally pitied; but she, though the law could not touch her, was held in execration, and in a short time after removed to some

some distant place where her crime was not known, to avoid the insults which she constantly and justly received.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

The following ANECDOTE was related by the person who was the cause of it, and as the facetious exclamation of the Hostess is calculated to show the aptness of mankind to judge of things by their own comprehensions, I thought it might serve to fill a vacancy in your Magazine.

MANY occurrences in human life, trivial in themselves, which pass unnoticed, might, by a judicious observer, be collected, and afford, at least a momentary instruction. To illustrate this, we will give the following genuine anecdote.

In the autumn of 1787, a gentleman travelling through an unsettled part of Vermont state, was necessitated to take lodgings for the night at a little log house, in the midst of a forest. He reached it at the dusk of the evening, and on entering it, found no person at home; he however took the liberty of seating himself on a stool, which was made of a rough board; one similar to it, with a flock bed, and an old table, composed the furniture of the house. From this view of things he was induced to form not a very favourable opinion of his quarters. But the anticipation of this inconvenience, soon gave way to the more forcible impressions of humanity and pity. From the evident marks of extreme poverty which surrounded this cottage, he could not avoid commiserating the situation of its tenants. "How is it possible," says he, "for any human being, thus sequestered from society, and deprived of every convenience and comfort of life, to make it worth preserving?" "One is almost tempted to tax with partiality, the hand which sustains it." While these reflections were crowding into his mind, an aged matron appeared at the door. At the sight of a stranger,

she started back. But he, with his usual urbanity, entreated her forgiveness for the liberty he had taken, and requested permission to tarry for the night. She, in her rustic style, and with much cheerfulness, informed him, that she had but one bed, on which she and her husband (whom she every moment expected home) slept; but that they would give up the bed, and provide some straw for themselves. The gentleman, however, insisted on taking the straw for himself, and after a coarse repast, retired to rest, astonished to find so much good nature, and such unfeigned hospitality, in this indigent situation.

In the morning, after being again liberally served with the homely fare of the cottage, he prepared to continue his journey. When he had mounted his horse, his hostess asked his name and place of residence. He informed her that he came from Boston. "Ah! from Boston," says she, and what distance is that?" about 150 miles from this, he replies. "Dear me!" says she, "how can you live so far off?" This exclamation, more powerful than all the arguments of logick, at once convinced him of the impropriety of his former complaint; and that while the good old matron erred in measuring distances and things by her narrow conception, he was not less culpable, in estimating the pleasures of life, by large possessions and the fastidious parade of wealth.

R. O.

ANECDOTE of the late CAPTAIN CARVER.

CAPTAIN CARVER, whose travels into the interior parts of North America have been read with such avidity, soon after he had finished his tour, went over to England, to acquaint administration with the dis-

coveries he had made. A few nights before his departure from America which was in the year 1769, long before the rupture between Great Britain and her colonies commenced, he dreamed the following remarkable dream.

dream. He thought he stood on the sea shore near Bolton, at which port he embarked, looking towards the Northeast, the direction in which England lies from that place; when suddenly the heavens towards that quarter became illuminated, and an arm projected from a cloud, bearing in its hand the royal standard of England. Being a military man, the extraordinary appearance of this emblematical representation of sovereignty attracted his attention and excited his wonder. Whilst he stood gazing on the visionary phenomenon, the standard was gently waved by the arm, backwards and forwards several times over the American strand. When in an instant the silken banner after being most violently agitated as if by a boisterous whirlwind, and being rent into many pieces, was furled up, and withdrawn into the cloud.

This nocturnal vision, which he related immediately to some of his friends in America; and after his arrival in England occasionally to others; made a great impression on Captain Carver's mind; and he could not help considering it, even at that time, as a prognostication of the disunion which has since taken place. And when the contention between the mother country and her colonies became serious, impressed with the same idea, and having a perfect knowledge of the internal strength of the country, and the disposition of its inhabitants, he was always a strenuous advocate for lenient measures, and a reconciliation on the best terms that could be obtained.

In the year 1778 he more than once repeated the circumstances of the foregoing dream to the writer of this; and as hostilities had then commenced, was more fully confirmed in his opinion that it foreboded the annihilation of Great Britain's sovereignty over her colonies. And time has fatally evinced the truth of his conjecture.

As the publication of this anecdote during the contest might have been considered as a disloyal intention to depress the mother country, and inspirit her refractory children, it was then withheld. But as no such consequences can now arise from it, the

October, 1789.

F

independence of the thirteen united colonies being acknowledged and ratified by the definitive treaty, it finds its way into the world as an extraordinary incident, the verity of which may be depended on through the European Magazine.

Though it may be prudent to hold the mind in that state of suspense with regard to the belief or disbelief of the tendency of dreams in general, which Mr. Addison advises relative to apparitions; yet the accomplishment of many extraordinary ones has been noticed in every age, and handed down as proofs that the soul during its nocturnal excursions, obtains, some how or other, a knowledge of events which lie buried in the womb of time.

Among these preeminently stand, the dreams of Joseph the son of the patriarch Jacob; which foretold his future advancement: The dream of Pharaoh king of Egypt, relative to the seven fat and seven lean kine, which predicted seven years of plenty, and the same period of famine; that of Astyages the last king of the Medes, who dreamed that he saw a vine spring from the matrix of his only daughter, which flourished to that degree that it spread all over Asia. All of these (to which many others might be added) if we may believe the best authenticated histories, were strictly verified. The first by Joseph's being advanced to a very conspicuous rank in the Egyptian empire; the second by a succession of plenty and dearth, as foretold by Joseph; to which his elevation was owing; and the third by the birth of Cyrus; who notwithstanding many schemes were planned by his grandfather Astyages for his destruction, at length became a powerful monarch, and having vanquished his predecessor, fulfilled his dream by destroying the empire of the Medes, and establishing that of Persia.

But how this prescience is acquired, is beyond the comprehension of mortals, from their not being able to form any just idea of the nature and properties of the soul, or spirit, which actuates the mortal part of man. As we are thus in the dark with regard to this point, and the most rational conjecture is the nearest approach to truth we can arrive at, I am tempted

to

to hazard the following hypothesis, *viz.*

That the soul, which is a spark of the divine essence, is not seated either in the brain or the heart as is usually supposed, but acts as an atmosphere to the body; and whilst it pervades every part, surrounds the whole, as the aerial atmosphere does the globe: its form being similar to the earthly vehicle it is so intimately connected with, but a more perfect image of its great creator.

This being the fashion and situation of the soul, and as it is in its nature immaterial, and enjoys the power of unlimited expansion, it may be capable of entering into contact with, and being affected by the most distant objects; and by this means may obtain a knowledge of some particulars of the divine *arcana*; which it immediately communicates to the senses; and this it is more at liberty to do, when the animal powers are suspended, and lie in a state of inactivity, than when they are employed, in con-

junction with itself, in the due support and preservation of the united system. In this communication with the immaterial world, the soul sees the train of events which are to take place, and brings back the information to the body it is connected with; but is able to communicate the discovery in a very imperfect manner only, as the bodily organs are incapable of receiving them clearly and distinctly: so that in general we obtain only loose and unconnected hints; or truths wrapped up in hieroglyphick and mysterious clothing.

But from whatever source, or by whatever means, the intelligence is obtained, it must be allowed, even by the greatest scepticks, that the mind of man is sometimes impressed, during the sleep of the body, with a fore knowledge of events which are to happen. Though too often the sacred admonitions are not attended to. And in none has the verification been more conspicuous than in the foregoing dream of Capt. Carver. [Eur. Mag.]

EXTRAORDINARY DISEASE.

Account of an extraordinary disease among the Indians, in the island of Nantucket, and Martha's Vineyard. In a letter from ANDREW OLIVER, Esq; to ISRAEL MANDUIT, Esq; F. R. S.

ABOUT the beginning of August 1763, when the sickness began at Nantucket, the whole number of Indians belonging to that island was 358; of these, 258 had the distemper betwixt that time and the 20th of February following, 36 only of whom recovered: of the 100, who escaped the distemper, 34 were convervant with the sick, 8 dwelt separate, 18 were at sea, and 40 lived in English families. The physician informs me, that the blood and juices appeared to be highly putrid, and that the disease was attended with a violent inflammatory fever, which carried them off in about five days. The season was uncommonly moist and cold, and the distemper began originally among them; but having once made its appearance seems

to have been propagated by contagion; although some escaped it, who were exposed to the infection.

The distemper made its appearance at Martha's Vineyard the beginning of December, 1763. It went through every family, into which it came, not one escaping it: 52 Indians had it, 39 of whom died; those, who recovered, were chiefly of the younger sort.

The appearance of the distemper was much the same in both these islands; it carried them off in each, in five or six days. What is still more remarkable than even the great mortality of the distemper, is, that not one English person had it in either of the islands, although the English greatly exceeded in numbers; and that some persons

persons in one family, who were of a mixt breed, half Dutch and half Indian, and one in another family, half Indian and half Negro, had the distemper, and all recovered; and that no person at all died of it, but such as were entirely of Indian blood. From hence it was called the Indian sickness.

There had been a great scarcity of corn among the Indians the preceding winter: this, together with the cold moist season, has been assigned by some as the causes of the

distemper among them. These circumstances, it is true, may have disposed them to a morbid habit, but do not account for its peculiarity to the Indians: the English breathed the same air, and suffered, in some measure, by the scarcity, with the Indians; they yet escaped the sickness. I do not see therefore, but that the *Sudor Anglius*, which heretofore affected the English only, and this late Indian sickness, must be classed together among the Aracna of Providence.

AURELIA. A FRAGMENT.

Tecum vivere amen, tecum obeam libens.—HORACE.

AS I lay on my pillow this morning, ruminating on the happiness of connubial bliss, a thought entered any mind, that I would call upon the charming *Aurelia*. When I arose, I peeped out of my window fronting the rosy east, and, fondly contemplating, the beauties of the prospect induced me to proceed. It was such kind of prospect as delights the fancy of him who is fond of verdant fields, flowery lawns, and mountains topt with wood.

I found *Aurelia* at that early hour in her father's garden, delightful place! seated in an alcove, listening with mute attention to the natural, mournful, and harmonious strains of the love warbling bird.—Silence prevailed, and love conducted me to the side of *Aurelia*. She blushed, proof of virgin innocence, which gave fresh beauties to her lovely cheeks, where little dimples sported with the loves and graces.

I proposed a jaunt a few miles, to enjoy the morning, and add to the happiness which now presented itself in every prospect. I saw sweet compliance in her face at my proposal. In *Aurelia* all the graces center; she is as mild as the zephyrs on the banks of the Bure, sweet as the hawthorn on the hedge, and delightful as the beauties of the spring in the country. Blest with her, what could I more desire? could there be room for a wish? Where could that best, that most sublime, that utmost extent of our happiness be found, if I did not possess it? for

“Age buds at flight of her, and swells to youth.”

Aurelia and I took an airing a few miles from the noise and bustle of the city, to one of the most rural, agreeable and sequestered retreats formed by art and nature for the pleasure and amusement of man: Here we passed most part of the morning in making observations on the various objects which claimed our attention. Here, under a sunburnt hedge, grew the luxuriant strawberry, whose rich exhalation diffused a ravishing odour around the garden.

The moss rose, which guarded each separate walk, entwined with honeysuckles, added fresh sweets to the jonquil and narcissus, that were wafted by gentle zephyrs, and rendered it charming indeed! Surely our first parents could not enjoy a greater share of bliss in Eden, of which this was a copy in miniature.

A grove at one end, through which a gentle stream glided, made the scene still more rural, and rendered it a fit place for persons possessing hearts mutually united as ours. Here we awhile reposed ourselves under the cool shade of the wide spreading branches of the lordly oak, and *Aurelia* favoured me with the favourite song of “Water parted from the sea.”

You must not accuse me of flattery or exaggeration when I assert the little songsters of the grove stood mute and attentive while she was singing; the charms

charms of her voice soothed their little bosoms to peace ; harmony, heavenly harmony, filled the grove : Her notes of concord swelled in each avenue and vale ;—echo repeated the dying sounds. Sure maid was never happier ! happier no man could be !—

In *Aurelia* all the loves and graces meet, and every thing that's soft, and every thing that's sweet. This mental repast soothed each faculty of the soul to the sweetest sense of love. I told *Aurelia* with what fervour I loved :—I looked at her then, and beheld a delightful suffusion overspreading her delicately formed cheek ; all the passions of love thrilled my blood ; and rapture touched my heart. *Aurelia* sighed :—

In that sigh I eloquently read the various emotions of her soul.

We quitted this pleasing Elysium, in which we passed many moments of bliss. Our converse was cheerful and instructive. *Aurelia* is virtuous, amiable, and sincere ; free from art. How charming is pure nature ! I left her at night to pass her hours in those sweet slumbers, which none but virtuous minds experience.

When I retired to my closet, the great luminary of day was retiring to the lap of Thetis, and discovered such a beautiful scene at his departure as exceeds the most sublime ideas. How instructive are the works of nature !

W.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

As you have published the Letters which passed between Mrs. DRAPER and Mr. STERNE, I send you an Eulogium on ELIZA, written by the celebrated Abbe Raynal, which will tend to show that she was not undeserving the encomiums bestowed upon her by YORICK.

TERRITORY of Anjengo, thou art nothing ; but thou hast given birth to Eliza ! A day will come, when these staples of commerce, founded by the Europeans on the coasts of Asia, will exist no more. Before a few centuries are clasped, the grafts will cover them, or the Indians, avenged, will have built upon their ruins. But if my works be destined to have any duration, the name of Anjengo will not be obliterated from the memory of man. Those who shall read my works, or those whom the winds shall drive towards these shores, will say : There it is that Eliza Draper was born ; and if their be a Briton among them, he will immediately add, with the spirit of conscious pride, And there it was that she was born of English parents.

Let me be permitted to indulge my grief, and to give a free course to my tears ! Eliza was my friend. Reader, whoso'er thou art, forgive me this involuntary emotion. Let my mind dwell upon Eliza. If I have sometimes moved thee to compassionate the calamities of the human race, let me now prevail upon thee to commiserate my own misfortune. I was thy friend without knowing thee ; be

for a moment mine. Thy gentle pity shall be my reward.

Eliza ended her days in the land of her forefathers, at the age of three and thirty. A celestial soul was separated from a heavenly body. Ye who visit the spot on which her sacred ashes rest, write upon the marble that covers them : In such a year, in such a month, on such a day, at such an hour, God withdrew his spirit, and Eliza died.

And thou original writer, her admirer and her friend, it was Eliza who inspired thy works, and dictated to thee the most affecting pages of them. Fortunate Sterne, thou art no more, and I am left behind. I wept over thee with Eliza ; thou wouldest weep over her with me ; and had it been the will of Heaven, that you had both survived me, your tears would have fallen together upon my grave.

The men were used to say, that no woman had so many graces as Eliza ; the women said so too. They all praised her candour ; they all extolled her sensibility ; they were all ambitious of the honour of her acquaintance. The rings of envy were never pointed against unconscious merit.

Anjengo, it is to the influence of thy

thy happy climate that she certainly was indebted for that almost incompatible harmony of voluptuousness and decency, which diffused itself over all her person, and accompanied all her motions. A statuary who would have wished to represent voluptuousness, would have taken her for his model; and she would equally have served for him who might have had a figure of modesty to display. Even the gloomy and clouded sky of England had not been able to obscure the brightness of that aerial kind of soul, unknown in our climates. In every thing that Eliza did, an irresistible charm was diffused around her. Desire, but of a timid and bashful cast, followed her steps in silence. Any man of courteousness alone must have loved her, but would not have dared to own his passion.

I search for Eliza every where: I discover, I discern some of her features, some of her charms, scattered among those women whose figure is most interesting. But what is become of her who united them all? Nature, who hast exhausted thy gifts to form an Eliza, didst thou create her only for one moment? Didst thou make her to be admired for one instant, and to be forever regretted?

All who have seen Eliza, regret her. As for myself, my tears will never cease to flow for her all the time I have to live. But is this sufficient? Those who have known her tenderness for me, the confidence she had bestowed upon me, will they not say to me, she is no more, and yet thou livest.

Eliza intended to quit her country, her relations, her friends, to take up her residence along with me, and spend her days in the midst of mine. What happiness had I not promised to myself? What joy did I not expect, from seeing her sought after by men of genius and beloved by women of the nicest taste? I said to myself, Eliza is young, and thou art near thy latter end. It is she who will close thine eyes. Vain hope! Fatal reverse of all human probabilities! My old age has been prolonged beyond the days of her youth. There is now no person in the world existing for me. Fate has condemned me to live, and die alone.

Eliza's mind was cultivated, but the effects of this art were never perceived. It had done nothing more than embellish nature; it served in her, only to make the charm more lasting. Every instant increased the delight she inspired; every instant rendered her more interesting. Such is the impression she had left in India; such is the impression she made in Europe. Eliza then was very beautiful? No, she was simply beautiful; but there was no beauty she did not eclipse, because she was the only one that was like herself.

Eliza has written; and the men of her nation, whose works have been the most abounding in elegance and taste, would not have disavowed the small number of pages she has left behind her.

When I saw Eliza, I experienced a sensation unknown to me. It was too warm to be no more than friendship; it was too pure to be love. Had it been a passion, Eliza would have pitied me; she would have endeavoured to bring me back to my reason, and I should have completely lost it.

Eliza used frequently to say, that she had a greater esteem for me than for any one else. At present I may believe it.

In her last moments, Eliza's thoughts were fixed upon her friend; and I cannot write a line without having before me the monument she has left me. Oh! that she could also have endowed my pen with her graces and her virtue! Methinks, at least, I hear her say, "That stern muse that looks at you, is History, whose awful duty it is to determine the opinion of posterity. That fickle deity that hovers o'er the globe, is Fame, who condescended to entertain us a moment about you; she brought me thy works, and paved the way for our connexion by esteem. Behold that phoenix immortal amidst the flames; it is the symbol of genius which never dies. Let these emblems perpetually incite thee to shew thyself the defender of humanity, of truth, and of liberty."

Eliza, from the highest Heaven, thy first, and last country receive my oath: *I swear not to write one line in which thy friend may not be recognised.*

If

TO THE EDITORS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.
GENTLEMEN,

If you think the following NATURAL HISTORY of the RATTLESNAKE, worth notice, you will give it a place in your Monthly Museum.

Your &c.

H. J.

THERE are two species of reptiles, called *Rattlesnakes*; the back of one species is black and a dark brown mixed in patches of about an inch diameter, the belly grey, with pale red spots intermixed. The other is of a deep and bright yellow, interspersed as the former; its belly white, mixed with reddish spots. The common length of the first species is about three feet, and sometimes near five; the other is about four feet long, and sometimes near six. Both species are larger than is common for serpents of their length, and quite destitute of that agility so peculiar to many of the serpentine kind. The tail ends with a hard, bony substance, consisting of several joints. These joints are said to increase annually, one in number, though they are seldom found with more than seven or eight.

The Rattlesnake exhibits as little malice, perhaps, as any mischievous serpent, unless provoked, or in the time of copulation. He generally flies, if not insulted, and even then will endeavour to shun his enemy. When beset he coils himself in a circular form, placing his head in the center, and with the joints of his tail, called rattles, makes a noise very similar to a locust, which may be heard several rods. In this situation he remains till his assailant comes within his reach, when he leaps his full length at him. At the instant he leaps, he extends his mouth, almost incredibly, turning the inside nearly out; which uncovers several hallow teeth in the roof of the mouth, and hollow of the under jaw. These teeth are about the size of a large sewing needle, pointing towards the throat, the points turning to the outside of the head:

At their roots is a small quantity of liquid poison, which is injected through the teeth, and with them enters the object bitten. These teeth are about a quarter of an inch in length, and never appear, unless the mouth be distorted as abovementioned. This snake, when insulted, shows a most astonishing venom-fury darts from his eyes—he seizes his prey with inconceivable avidity, and provided no other object can be found, frequently gives himself the fatal wound. I have often provoked them to such a degree, by throwing stones and clods of earth at them, that they would leap with all imaginable spite, and meet the weapon, before it touched them. I have likewise made them bite a stick of wood, and carefully observed the quantum of poison emitted, which I judge to be about three drops.

There are several peculiarities belonging to this reptile. He lives, at least, twelve hours after his head is severed from his body—and for several hours will coil and leap at whatever touches him. He never conceals himself in the night, like other snakes, but is frequently found at that time. He seldom bites before he warns his assailant by rattling. He cannot endure white ash leaves or bark, and he will sooner run through the fire than over a train of white ash leaves. Surround him with a circle of these leaves, and lay the bark over him, at a small distance, he makes every effort to get out, but in vain—he swells—convulses—and in a few hours dies. A very small stroke on the back disables him, and he may safely be killed with a stick not longer than his body.

The time of copulation is in dog days,

days, at which time he is more ill natured and venomous than usual. About the close of dog days he begins to make toward his den, where he arrives the latter part of September, or beginning of October. Here great numbers conceal themselves in the cavities of the rocks, and lie, without any sign of life, till the beginning of May, when they again retire from the den, never going more than three or four miles from it.

The yellow species are much more venomous than the black. Providence has so ordered it, that an herb called Rattlesnake weed, commonly grows near their haunts—

this is an antidote to their poison, and the snake that bites himself, if left, immediately resorts to it. Their bite is not fatal to a dog, if he can reach it with his tongue—but to man and all species of cattle it is fatal, unless a speedy remedy be applied. There is not, perhaps, a more valuable carcase in physick, than the Rattlesnake's, and his flesh is often used for food. His food is similar to other snakes, but I never could determine whether he has power to charm his prey, like the water snake, or not—I rather believe he has not this power.

HUMANE TREATMENT to ANIMALS recommended.

[From STOCKDALE'S Sermons.]

ONE strong inducement to treat animals well, and kindly, is the return they make us for that treatment—When we shew them that mildness, that care, that tenderness which they deserve for their own sakes, and from a proper reverence of that being by whom they were created, how amiably, how charmingly, do they exhibit their natures—I had almost said their *virtues*!—The behaviour of the dog alone, that most grateful, most affectionate and most constant friend—his behaviour to a good master, should redeem his fellow animals from unnecessary thralldom and pain. He will not desert that master in the worst emergency, in the meanest and most mortifying circumstances.—Though he is pleased with splendour as well as animals of a superior form, he will follow his companion and benefactor, from a palace to a garret or a dungeon; cold and famine will not cool his attention, will not tear him from the bosom of his friend—With all the possible ardour of sympathy, he repeats the sigh and he returns the tear of dis-

tres—His attitudes, his caresses, and his eye, you may infallibly interpret into the following language;—“Though you are forsaken by the world, you shall never be forsaken by me—To tear me from *you*, would be to tear me from myself—By having *my* poor society, you will at least not be in perfect solitude—I will participate all your woes; and if I survive you, I will die upon your grave.”—This picture is not drawn by romantick imagination, all its essential strokes are well known truths of natural history—and if we contemplate the character of this animal, this perfect model of love and fidelity, and compare it with our own qualities and conduct, without selfishness, ingratitude, perfidy and barbarity, ought we not to be overwhelmed with shame and confusion?—ought we not to feel extreme regret for any outrages we may have committed on the animal creation? and ought we not to resolve to atone for those outrages, as much as possible, for the time to come, by being their attentive guardians and protectors?

TO THE EDITORS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE,
GENTLEMEN,

As all facts relative to the first settlement and government of our country, ought to be handed down to posterity, and as the following is a very ancient publication, perhaps the specimen it affords of the language and manner of printing at so early a period, together with the information it contains, render it worth preserving in the Massachusetts Magazine. It was printed in 1689 (just a century ago) by Samuel Green, of Boston, in a Handbill, or Newspaper extraordinary, and entitled

The PRESENT STATE of the NEW-ENGLISH AFFAIRS.

This is Published to prevent False Reports.

An Extract of a Letter from Mr. Mathew, To the Governour, Dated Sept. 3, 1689 from Deal in Kent.

THE House of Commons Ordered a bill to be drawn up for the Restoration of Charters to all Corporations. Some Enemies of New England did bestir themselves on that Occasion. But it has pleased God to succeed Endeavours and Sollicitations here so far, as that N.E. is particularly mentioned in the Bill.

It has been read twice, and after that referred unto a Committee for Emendations. What concerns N. England passed without any great opposition. The Bill has been in part read the third Time, and the Charters of N. England then also passed without objection. Only some Additional Clauses respecting Corporations here, caused debates; so that the Bill is not as yet Enacted.

In the latter end of June, a Vessel from Mount Hope arrived here, which brought your declaration of April 18, with an account of the Revolution in New England. The week after I went to Hampton Court, and had the favour to wait on His Majesty, who told me, That He did accept of, and was well pleased with what was done in New England, and that he would order the Secretary of State to signify so much, that His Subjects there should have their Ancient Rights and Priviledges restored to them.

The King has sent a Gracious Letter (which was delivered to me, and if I return not myself, I shall take

care that it be sent to you) bearing Date August 12. Wherein He signifies His Royal Approbation of what has been done at Boston, and assures you that the Government there shall be settled, so as shall be for the Security and Satisfaction of His Subjects in that Colony, and in the mean time bids you go on to Administer the Laws, and manage the Government, according as in your Address you have Petitioned.

My Lord Morden (now Earl of Monmoth) bade me assure you that He would be your Friend, and he bade me tell you from him, That your Charters should be restored to you by Act of Parliament.

I have been with most of the Kings most Honourable Privy Council, who have promised to befriend New England as there shall be occasion for it. The like I may say, of all the Leading men in the Parliament.

I have been in the Downs a fortnight, and Aboard Mr. Clark, several nights, but the Wind has been against us. And we now hear that the New-found Land Convoyes (on whose Assistance we had a dependence) are gone.

Supercribed To the Honourable Simon Bradstreet, Esq; Governour of the Massachusetts Colony in N-England.

A Passage extracted from the publick News-Letter, Dated July 6, 1689.

The people of New-England having made a thorow Revolution, and secured

secured the publick Criminals. On Thursday last, the Reverend and Learned Mr. Mather, President of the Colledge, and Minister of Boston, waited on the King; and in a most Excellent Speech laid before His Majesty, the State of that People; saying, *That they were sober, and Industrious, and fit for Martial Service; and all with their Lives and Interests were at His Majesties Command, to tender the same unto His Majesty: That they desired nothing but His Majesties Acceptance of what they had done, and His protection; and that if his Majesty pleased to encourage and commission them, He might easily be Emperour of America.* His Majesty assured him, that he was pleased with what was done for Him, and for themselves in the Revolution, and that their Priviledges and Religion should be secured unto them.

Extracted from a Letter of Mr. Mather, to his Son, Dated Sept. 3, 1689.

On July 4. The King said unto me, *That He did kindly Accept of what*

was done in Boston. And that His Subjects in New-England should have their Ancient Rights and Priviledges Restored and Confirmed unto them. Yea, He told me, That if it were in his power to cause it to be done it should be done, and bade me rest assured of it.

The Charter Bill is not finished, because some Additional Clauses respecting Corporations here in England caused a Debate; and the Parliament is for some weeks Adjourned.

Besides the Letter from the Kings Majesty, whereof we have notice as above; there is now arrived, an Order from His Majesty to the Government, bearing Date, July 30, 1689. Requiring, *That Sir Edmund Andross, Edward Randolph, and others, that have been Seized by the people of Boston, and shall be at the Receipt of these Commands, Detained there, under Confinement, be sent on Board the first Ship, bound to England, to answer what may be objected against them.*

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The RURAL COMPLAINER : Or, UNFORTUNATE FAIR.

SOFTLY sweet the echoed forth her plaints; her soul was the foul of sensibility, but hard was the lot of hapless *Tulia*. These were the strains in which she poured out her sad heart, and say, does not pity weep at the recital, and sweet sympathy heave the lengthened sigh?—Alas, my lost *Palemon*! said she, alas my *Caroline*!—Alas! alas! are you both forever lost, and must I alone be wretched? Yes, unhappy *Tulia*.—Then in these wild woods shalt thou complain; no other bosom shall be pained with thy sorrows, no other eye for thee shall drop the sympathetick tear. But here in this leafy grove, will I alone lament my *Palemon*, and my little *Caroline*; and for them shall these streaming eyes overflow, until nature's dim lamp is expired; and then shall I fly to meet those other self—Stop! Aurora ushers in the day; Sol gladdens the earth

October, 1789.

G

with his enlivening beams; the birds with their sweet notes, are singing hymns to their great Creator; the lambs again gamble on the mead; the village lads and lasses again dance to the sound of *Collin's* pipe; all are gay, all nature laughs, no one is sad but *Tulia*—happiness is forever fled from her breast, all pleasure then adieu, for *Palemon* and *Caroline* are dead. With the turtle I will make my moan, and in concert join the dirge she repeats for her lost mate; I will water the grassy ground with the bitter tears of affliction; no alleviation is there to the distress of the woe worn *Tulia*.

I started from the bower, where I was setting, amusing myself with admiring the wondrous various works of nature. Ah! said I, this is the voice of distress, I will go and endeavour to calm the fair one and lend a

female

female aid. I approached her, she heaved a gentle sigh which seemed to burst from a heart, broken by misery's weight. "I well know thy intent is to soothe distress," said she, "by the benignity that shines in thy countenance. But thou cannot lessen my griefs, nor pour the balm of comfort into my tortured bosom." I intreated her for her story—with reluctance she complied, and thus began her little

TALE of WOE.

"HEAVEN was pleased to deprive me of my parents when I was young, and I was left to the care of a maiden aunt who resided in the country, where I lived in calm serenity and sweet obscurity, until I attained the age of seventeen, when I was addressed by several of the rural swains; among the rest young *Palemon* sues—with modest diffidence he pleads his cause, and solicits for my hand: I refer him to my aunt, who withholds her consent, and is determined I shall not so disgrace my family; alas, how many have felt the keen shaft of affliction, and fallen victims to this mistaken pride!—*Palemon* had nothing to offer but his constant heart, and that was nothing to my aunt, though all to me. Finding we could not soften her obdurate mind, a clandestine marriage was talked of, and we left our rural village and set out for —, where our hands and hearts were united. A lonely wood was our first asylum, where *Palemon* built a small hut; and we lived on such as the forest af-

forded. Here we had not been long when I was told by a villager of the death of my aunt, who had left her whole fortune to a distant relation. Now we had no hopes, and what added to our distress was the birth of a daughter. At length *Palemon* was resolved to adventure across the tempestuous ocean, and try for support in other countries for himself and family. Should he succeed, then he would send for his *Tulia* and infant *Caroline*, which, during his absence, was my only comfort, until Heaven, ever watchful over innocence, took her to itself and snatched the babe from a world of wretchedness. Till then I knew not misery—poverty was but a shade to the loss of my *Caroline*. One fatal morn I received news of my *Palemon's* death. Ye powers above, I cried, ye guardians of the wretched, lend your aid, or how shall I sustain my fortitude! Since the death of all I held most dear on earth I have been a forlorn wanderer, no comfort is there in this world for the unfortunate devotee of affliction."

I tried all the powers of persuasion, and entreated her to live with me, to be my sister and my friend. "No," said she, "life is short, and while I remain no other habitation but yon hut shall hold the most unhappy of her sex. Adieu, best of women, go, and should it be thy hard fate to feel the pangs of woe, which heaven forbid, bestow one thought, one sigh, on the unfortunate *Tulia*."

LAVINA.

EDUCATION of YOUTH.

"Prohibition often creates eager and intemperate wishes towards objects, which we should otherwise seek after moderately, if at all."

IT is not an easy question to decide, whether it is a more common fault in education to indulge children too far in certain instances, or to restrict them too rigourously in others. If we take a critical view of human life, we shall probably find a considerable proportion of the most abandoned characters, that disturb and disgrace society, to have originated from parents of very scrupulous piety, and severe and exalted morality. Such over exact people draw the cords of discipline so hard, that they must inevitably break asunder. They express

the strongest detestation, and bear unrelenting testimony against many recreations and pastimes, which only cease to be innocent when carried to excess, and which would seldom be carried to excess, were a proper medium of indulgence seasonably observed.

The children of austere, unaccommodating parents, discover a stronger inclination for some pleasures and amusements, which are prohibited, than they do for others, more tempting in themselves, which are not barred by such prohibitions. It is evident therefore

therefore that the prohibition itself gives the principal edge to the temptation.

There are two sources of inordinate love of pleasure that should be guarded against. One of them consists in indulging recreation to so great a degree, that we feel pain in restraining from it, because it has become so fixed an habit as not to be laid aside without reluctance. The habit of enjoying constitutes, in this instance, the principal stimulus to gratification. The other source depends on a cause exactly the reverse. Some youth, by being prohibited from diversions, affix an imaginary delight to the enjoyment, so much greater than the reality would afford, that their desire to trespass becomes irresistible. They are tempted to taste what is forbidden. Had they been left free, it is ten chances to one, whether the object had contained charms sufficient to attract their attention.—Imagination is on the wing, stamps a value on what is indifferent, and creates a passion which runs into extremes. The ardour of inclination is heightened, by the satisfaction that

is felt in violating an unreasonable command, and passing over restrictions that are founded in superstition or austerity.

But this is not the worst of it. When attempts are made to draw children into a belief that all pleasures are vices, and that all vices are equally abominable and injurious, they make no distinction between actions of moral demerit, and those which are only deemed wrong by the caprice, the ignorance or over exact maxims of their parents. The consequence of such an error is dreadful to think of. A child of common sense may persuade himself that he is forbidden many gratifications which are not intrinsically wrong. From a sprightliness of imagination he will easily be enticed to break over parental authority in such things, as he sees other people practice without inconvenience or reproach. The effect of this disobedience is, that he gradually accustoms himself to disregard the admonitions of his parents, and is instigated into actions which he would never commit, had his parental restrictions been confined within reasonable limits.

CURIOS DISCOVERY.

[From the Newhampshire Gazette.]

ON Wednesday last, having occasion for an enlargement of an entrance into a cellar but lately dug, on an eminence contiguous to the fresh river in this town, the workmen discovered some bones, which on examination, appeared to be human—on further search a large number were found—from a particular examination we conclude the bones to be a part of some body formerly there buried—and that the body was enclosed in the trunk of some tree, and interred in an erect posture, as the remains of some partly decayed wood was found erect, and apparently enclosed the once entire body. Within this enclosure, in an horizontal position, were found

twelve spoons, placed nearly north and south, and directly under the head of the defunct, a part of the hairy scalp adhered to the uppermost spoons. The remains of some Wampum were also found, curiously sewed on two strings of undressed moose hide.

As the land in which the above discovery was made is my property, I attend to endeavour some further discoveries—and if any thing curious in the attempt should turn up worthy of publick communication, I purpose further publication on the subject.

THEOPHILUS SMITH.

N. B. The spoons appeared of ancient model, and of some species of fine metal. *Exeter, Sept. 25, 1789.*

AMERICAN NATURAL CURIOSITIES.

[Continued from page 581.]

IN the township of Tinmouth, in the state of Vermont, on the side of a small hill, is a very curious cave.

The chasm, at its entrance, is about four feet in circumference. Entering this you descend 104 feet, and then opens

pens a spacious room 20 feet in breadth and 100 feet in length. The angle of descent is about 45 degrees. The roof of this cavern is of rock, through which the water is continually percolating. The stalactites which hang from the roof appear like icicles on the eves of houses, and are continually increasing in number and magnitude. The bottom and sides are daily incrusting with spar and other mineral substances. On the sides of this subterraneous hall, are tables, chairs, benches, &c. which appear to have been artificially carved. This richly ornamented room, when illuminated with the candles of the guides, has an enchanting effect upon the eye of the spectator. If we might be indulged in assigning the general cause of these astonishing appearances, we should con-

clude, from the various circumstances accompanying them, that they arise from water filtrating slowly through the incumbent *strata*; and taking up in its passage a variety of mineral substances, and becoming thus saturated with metallic particles, gradually exuding on the surface of the caverns and fissures, in a quiescent state, the aqueous particles evaporate, and leave the mineral substances to unite according to their affinities.

At the end of this cave is a circular hole, 15 feet deep, apparently hewn out, in a conical form, enlarging gradually as you descend, in the form of a sugar loaf. At the bottom is a spring of fresh water, in continual motion, like the boiling of a pot. Its depth has never been founed.

[To be continued.]

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.
The C O L L E C T I O N. No. X.

Detached Thoughts on various Subjects.

LXXXVIII.

WE upbraid the son whose father was hanged; whereas many a man who deserves to be hanged, was never upbraided in his whole life.

LXXXIX.

AS a man is accountable only for the use of his *own* understanding, not for that of other men's, his safety consists not in giving up his own to the direction and control of *others*, but in using it himself to the best advantage. If he follows the judgment of other men, though ever so wise and learned, contrary to his own sense of things, he may, perchance, profess what is right, but he *does* what is wrong.

XC.

THE most unhappy effect of fashionable politeness is, that it teaches us the art of dispensing with the virtues it imitates. Let us be educated to cherish the principles of benevolence and humanity, and we shall have politeness enough, or shall stand in no need of it.

XCI.

IF we should not have that which is accompanied by the graces, we should have that which bespeaks the honest man, and the good citizen; we should

stand in no need of having recourse to the falsehood of appearances.

XII.

INSTEAD of being artificially complaisant in order to please, it will be sufficient to be good; instead of being false, and flattering the foibles of others, it will be enough to be indulgent to them. Those with whom we proceed in this manner, will neither be vain nor depraved by it; they will become only grateful and corrected.

XIII.

INTEGRITY without knowledge, is meek, and generally useless; and knowledge without integrity, is dangerous and dreadful.

XIV.

BOTH wit and understanding are trifles, without integrity; it is that which gives value to every character. The ignorant peasant, without fault, is greater than the philosopher with many; for what is genius or courage without an heart.

XCV.

INGRATITUDE never so thoroughly pierces the human breast, as when it proceeds from those in whose behalf we have been guilty of transgressions.

XCVI.

XCVI.

CURIOSITY is one of the permanent and certain characteristicks of a vigorous intellect.

XCVII.

EVERY advance in knowledge opens new prospects, and produces

new incitements to further progress.

XCVIII.

MAN is the only being endowed with the power of laughter, and perhaps he is the only one who deserves to be laughed at.

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

PHILO. No. II.

THE female mind, naturally transparent, like a mirror overhung with cobwebs, requires only some careful hand to remove from its surface the numerous blemishes in the present schemes of female education and display to the world its full transparency. I shall not *myself* presume to give this finishing stroke of art; if by a few hints, I can induce others to attempt it, I shall esteem myself richly rewarded, and although I may meet with censure from the pen of a puny narrow minded Bachelor, those whose approbation I should value I am sure will not condemn. As the guardians and protectors of their offspring, parents are certainly bound by every tie *natural* as well as *moral*, to attend to the improvement of their infant minds. Under the auspices of paternal and maternal direction, these *tender twigs* are by nature destined to receive their nourishment, to pass through the different stages from infancy to maturity—and though they may all originate from the *same common flock*, in their growth and advancement we may observe a very essential difference. The one is rendered capable, even in its tenderest state, of enduring all the severity of a northern blast; while the other, more *finely fibred*, from the *least* chill instantly contracts, withers, and decays.—To determine then their different textures, and the particular management most suitable to each, is the *whole mighty mystery* in the art of education. And here let me suggest to our experienced matrons, who are more immediately intrusted with the education of their daughters, that they are extremely apt to err in the first principles. It is a prevailing notion, and they believe it to be true, that their *persons*, not their *minds*, are to receive the polish of art. Books, like dangerous as well as use-

less weapons, are never trusted in their possession. I will allow they should be educated in a manner different from what is usually practised with their sons: But unfortunately for parents they commence *this* difference much earlier and I believe carry it much further than their different situations require, or than *nature herself* ever designed. The very instant their minds begin to discover the symptoms of strength and activity, they place them under the direction of musick and dancing masters. To touch the keys of a *piano forte*, a *harpicord* or a *spinet* with melodious dexterity, to move upon the floor with easy gracefulness, is the sole object of their ambition. These are impressed upon their minds as the only acquirements necessary to insure them *éclat* on the theater of life. By the assistance of parental approbation, and the dearly purchased encomiums of their instructors, at an age when they can scarcely distinguish sounds, or walk without tottering, we often see them tolerable proficients. During their attendance on these exercises, they are perhaps suffered to spend an hour a day in *reading* and *writing*. The vain, affected appearance of literary acquisition, they are cautioned with the greatest solemnity to avoid; and indeed they seldom violate the caution. Scarcely one tenth of them know the first rudiments of English Grammar, or can even read their mother language with decent propriety. With these flimsy acquirements they are ushered into the world, to be gazed at by the undiscerning crowd as models of *female* perfection. I would not drop a word to discourage their improvement in the very agreeable as well as fashionable accomplishments of musick and dancing. I have too often listened to the one with silent rapture, I have too often gazed at the other

other with attentive admiration, not to acknowledge their effect. There is a secret magical influence in *musick* which can soften even the most savage like disposition—nor do I think the expression of the poet too extravagant, when he says,

“ The man that hath no musick in himself
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet
sounde,

Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils ;
The motions of his spirits are dull as night,
And his affections dark as *Erebæ*.”

I only wish our *tender matrons*, for to them the task belongs, would not exert themselves to discourage in the early education of their daughters, other branches which I think would prove to them useful as well as ornamental. *Infancy* is the golden period to force impressions upon the mind ; like engravings upon the thrifty tree, although at first scarcely discernable, they will gradually enlarge, and in age may be read in full grown characters. Watch then this important moment, and while their minds are yet pliable, incline them to pursuits which may afterwards prove useful. The fear of *female pedantry*, I know has very frequently damped the ardour of female pursuit. The glowing spark of their ambition has either expired or been almost smothered under its discouraging influence. They may feel assured that an *unaffected sociability* upon interesting topicks, however it may excite the *envy* can never kindle the real honest *censure* of any one ; and although it may turn the *artillery* of our modern circles against them, the firm helmet of conscious superiority will never feel the shock. Few indeed, even of the number who exclaim so bitterly at

female pedantry, are capable themselves of reaching it. Where one has ever been injured from drinking too profoundly at the *Pierian* spring, hundreds have reeled away completely intoxicated with shallow, superficial draughts, I should not wish to see our young ladies complete mistresses of the sciences ; they would not only find them burthensome, but useless in the particular spheres in which nature has designed them to move. I would in the first place recommend, as indispensably necessary, a thorough acquaintance with the *English Grammar* and *Belles Lettres*. After these become familiar, which is a task by no means so easily accomplished as is generally imagined, they ought to indulge the mind in ranging still further—*Astronomy* is neither too sublime nor too intricate for their comprehension—it has often been held up to them as such, but by those only who have found it beyond their own reach, and who have wished to measure the capacities of others by the contracted measure of their own. Partially studied it will open to them the beautiful order of the planetary world and ruling stars. *Geography* will acquaint them with the *little world* we ourselves inhabit ; and *History*, with the different manners and customs of our ancestors. The field I have opened to them may perhaps appear too extensive and variegated ; but the moment they have once stepped into it they will find a *thousand sources* of mental gratification which have never before been discovered to them, and which are capable of rendering their society more *satisfactory* to themselves and agreeable to others.

LAURA : Or, The RUSTICK RAMBLER.

LIIGHT as air the lovely *Laura* tript the green. It was the month of smiling May, the season formed for harmony. The songsters of the vale now hop from spray to spray, from oak to elm, warble their sweet notes of love, and tell the mournful tale. The flowerets that spread the gay mead, no longer hang their drooping heads, but open as the day, waft on ambient air Arabia's rich perfumes, and spread their thousand glowing co-

lours round ; Sol's noontide beams dance upon the liquid stream which runs murmuring by. The scene was sweetly still ; *Laura's* heart, attracted by the lure, beat with the softest sensations ; at length a something bid her stop. At a small distance a lovely youth lay, and reclining on a bank, a pipe and crook slept useles by his side ; dejection was pictured in his countenance. It was *Collin* the pride of swains ; and for *Pastorella* *Collin*

Collin sighs, and hither has he come to vent his grief.—*Laura* was affected, “adamantine is that heart,” says she, “which softens not at another’s woes; would to heaven I could cure his pain, or mitigate his grief—*Pastorella*, cruel maid.”

Delicacy, that sweet intruder, bid the rustic rambler to forbear the task—humanity in vain contend-ed with the blushing maid—soon she quits the lawn, and flies to *Pastorella*; here she tells of *Collin*’s woes; intreats the maid to bid him fly despair.—*Pastorella* listens—heaves a sigh—If the fond shepherd sigh for her she will cure his heart.—*Laura* again rambles, and again she meets the swain; no

more the pipe and crook lay useless by; no more the sorrowing youth bids *hope* adieu, and welcomes sad *despair*; again joy gladdens in his countenance; again he joins the festive dance; and again the pipe listens to the notes of musick, and breathes young *Collin*’s voice; no more his lambkins negligent rove along the green, and with their pensive bleatings intreat the shepherd’s care.—The villagers all mark the change and won-der at the cause—*Pastorella* tells ‘tis *Laura*—kind echo hears the story, and time’s swift wings spread the tale from cot to hut; and all with one voice bless the hour of *Laura*’s rambling.

LAVINA.

A M E L I A : Or, The FAITHLESS BRITON.

AN AMERICAN NOVEL.

THE revolutions of government and the subversions of empire which have swelled the theme of national historians, have, likewise, in every age, furnished anecdote to the biographer, and incident to the novelist. The objects of policy or ambition are generally, indeed, accomplished at the expense of private ease and prosperity; while the triumph of arms, like the funeral festivity of a savage tribe, serves to announce some recent calamity—the waste of property, or the fall of families.

Thus, the great events of the late war which produced the separation of the British empire, and established the sovereignty of America, were chequered with scenes of private sorrow, and the success of the contending forces was alternately fatal to the peace and order of domestic life. The lamentations of the widow and the orphan, mingled with the song of victory; and the sable mantle with which the hand of friendship clothed the bier of the gallant Montgomery, cast a momentary gloom upon the trophies his valour had achieved.

Though the following tale then, does not exhibit the terrible magnificence of warlike operation, or scrutinize the principles of national politicks, it recites an episode that too frequently occurs in the military drama, and contains a history of female affliction, that

claims, from its authenticity, at least, an interest in the feeling heart.

HORATIO BLYFIELD was a respectable inhabitant of the state of New-york. Success had rewarded his industry in trade with an ample fortune; and his mind, uncontaminated by envy and ambition, freely indulged itself in the delicious enjoyments of the father and the friend. In the former character he superintended the education of a son and a daughter, left to his sole care by the death of their excellent mother; and in the latter, his benevolence and counsel were uniformly exercised for the relief of the distressed, and the information of the illiterate.

His mercantile intercourse with Greatbritain afforded an early opportunity of observing the disposition of that kingdom with respect to her colonies; and his knowledge of the habits, tempers, and opinions of the American citizens, furnished him with a painful anticipation of anarchy and war. The texture of his mind, indeed, was naturally calm and passive, and the ordinary effects of a life of sixty years duration, had totally eradicated all those passions which rouse men to opposition, and qualify them for enterprize. When, therefore, the gauntlet was thrown upon the thea-ter of the new world, and the spirit of discord began to rage, Horatio,

like

like the Roman Atticus, withdrew from publick clamour, to a sequestered cottage, in the interior district of Longisland; and, consecrating the youthful ardour of his son, Honorius, to the service of his country, the fair Amelia was the only companion of his retreat.

Amelia had then attained her seventeenth year. The delicacy of her form was in unison with the mildness of her aspect, and the exquisite harmony of her soul, was responsive to the symmetry of her person. The pride of parental attachment had graced her with every accomplishment that depends upon tuition; and it was the singular fortune of Amelia, to be at once the admiration of our sex, and the favourite of her own. From such a daughter, Horatio could not but receive every solace of which his generous feelings were susceptible in a season of national calamity; but the din of arms that frequently interrupted the silence of the neighbouring forests, and the disastrous intelligence which his son occasionally transmitted from the standard of the union, superseded the cheerful avocations of the day, and dispelled the peaceful slumbers of the night.

After a retirement of many months, on a morning fatal to the happiness of Horatio's family, the sound of artillery announced a battle, and the horsemen who were observed galloping across the grounds, proved that the scene of action could not be remote.

As soon, therefore, as the tumult of hostility had subsided, Horatio advanced with his domesticks, to administer comfort and assistance to the wounded, and to provide a decent interment for the mangled victims of the conflict. In traversing the deadly field, he perceived an officer, whose exhausted strength just served for the articulation of a groan, and his attention was immediately directed to the preservation of this interesting object, who alone, of the number that had fallen, yielded a hope that his compassionate exertions might be crowned with success. Having bathed, and bound up his wounds, the youthful soldier was borne to the cottage; where, in a short time, a strong pulse, and a freer respiration, af-

forded a flattering presage of returning life.

Amelia, who had anxiously waited the arrival of her father, beheld, with a mixed sensation of horrour and pity, the spectacle which now accompanied him. She had never before seen the semblance of death, which therefore afflicted her with all the terrors of imagination; and, notwithstanding the pallid countenance of the wounded guest, he possessed an elegance of person, which, according to the natural operations of female sensibility, added something, perhaps, to her commiseration for his misfortunes. When, however, these first impressions had passed away, the tenderness of her nature expressed itself in the most assiduous actions for his ease and accommodation, and the encraving symptoms of his recovery, filled her mind with joy and exultation.

The day succeeding that on which he was introduced to the family of Horatio, his servant, who had made an ineffectual search for his body among the slain, arrived at the cottage, and discovered him to be Doliscus, the only son and heir of a noble family in England.

When Doliscus had recovered from the senseless state to which he had been reduced (chiefly, indeed, by the great effusion of blood) the first exercise of his faculties was the acknowledgment of obligation, and the profession of gratitude. To Horatio he spoke in terms of reverence and respect; and to Amelia in the more animated language of admiration, which melted at length, into the gentle tone of flattery and love. But Doliscus had been reared in the school of dissipation; and, with all the qualifications which allure and captivate the female heart, he had learned to consider virtue only as an obstacle to pleasure, and beauty merely as an incentive to the gratification of passion. His experience soon enabled him to discover something in the solicitude of the artless Amelia beyond the dictates of compassion and hospitality; and, even before his wounds were closed, he conceived the infamous project of violating the purity and tranquillity of a family, to which he was indebted for the prolongation of his

his existence, and the restoration of his health. From that very innocence, however, which betrayed her feelings, while she was herself ignorant of their source, he anticipated the extreme difficulty and danger. To improve the evident predilection of her mind into a fixed and ardent attachment, required not, indeed, a very strenuous display of his talents and address; but the sacrifice of her honour (which an insurmountable antipathy to the mat-

rimonial engagements made necessary to the accomplishment of his purpose) was a task that he justly foresaw, could be only executed by the detestable agency of perfidy and fraud. With these views then he readily accepted the solicitations of his unsuspecting host, and even contrived to protract his cure, in order to furnish a plea for his continuance at the cottage.

[To be continued.]

Curious Account of the FATA MORGANA, a remarkable AERIAL PHENOMENON.

[From *Voyage Pittoresque des Isles de Sicile, &c. par M. Houze.*]

THE very remarkable aerial phenomenon, called Fata Morgana,* is sometimes observed from the harbour of Messina, in Sicily, and from some neighbouring places, at a certain height in the atmosphere. In fine Summer days, when the weather is calm, there rises above the great current a vapour, which acquires a certain density, so as to form in the atmosphere horizontal prisms, whose sides are disposed in such a manner, that when they come to their proper degree of perfection, they reflect and represent successively, for some time, (like a moveable mirror) the objects on the coast or in the adjacent country. They exhibit by turns the city and suburbs of Messina, trees, animals, men, and mountains. They are certainly beautiful aerial moving pictures. There are, sometimes, two or three prisms, equally perfect; and they continue in this state eight or ten minutes. After this, some shining inequalities are observed upon the sur-

face of the prism, which render confused to the eye, the objects which had been before so accurately delineated, and the picture vanishes. The vapour forms other combinations, and is dispersed in air. Different accounts have been given of this singular appearance; which, for my part, I attribute to a bitumen that issues from certain rocks at the bottom of the sea, and which is often seen to cover a part of its surface in the canal of Messina. The subtle parts of this bitumen being attenuated, combined, and exhaled with the aqueous globules that are raised by the air, and formed into bodies of vapour, give to this condensed vapour more consistence, and contribute, by their smooth and polished particles, to the formation of a kind of aerial crystal, which receives the light, reflects it to the eye, and transmits to it all the luminous points which colour the objects exhibited in this phenomenon, and render them visible.

* *Fata Morgana*, or the *Enchantress Morgana*, is one of Ariosto's malevolent Beings; and it is not to be wondered at that the superstitious Sicilians should attribute this very singular appearance to enchantresses, fairies, or such other imaginary existences.

LIFE of CALLIMACHUS.

[From the French of LE FEVRE]

CALLIMACHUS was of Cyrene, a city of Africa, and lived under the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus, and also under that of Ptolemy Euergetes, as may be easily proved by some passages in his works. This poet was one of the wisest men of his age; and perhaps it would be difficult to find

any author, who had written a greater number of poems. But he did not love long productions; therefore he never wrote but one piece of a tolerable length, which he entitled *Aitia*, or the causes. And when he was asked why he was so fond of what could be only termed mere effusions, he replied,

plied, "A pond'rous volume is a grievous thing."

We find the same thought at the end of one of his hymns, but it is expressed in a manner somewhat different, and possibly that manner would not be unacceptable to the reader. "The Euphrates, says he, is a noble river; but for his part he would prefer those little, still, and clear foun-

* His hymns were elegantly translated by the unfortunate Dr. Dodd.

tains, one drop of which is more precious than all the mud and citron of that great river."

Nothing of his has reached us except some epigrams and a few hymns*. His style is pure and nervous. Catullus and Oropertius have frequently imitated; and sometimes (so high did their admiration of him rise) even translated him.

The B O U Q U E T.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES.

A Number of gentlemen and ladies met to spend a social evening. Soon after, apples, as is common at such times, were handed about. A gentleman, taking a seed of an apple, snapped it at a lady on the opposite side of the room, which the lady observing, returned another, and struck him on his forehead. The gentleman, somewhat mortified by missing his aim, asked her, "why dare you contend with me?" "Because," replied the lady, "we are promised that the seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head."

WHEN some emigrants from Ireland were travelling through the country not long since, a woman of the company, having been somewhat indisposed, called at a clergyman's house and requested to be *churched* the next sabbath; for, "she did not choose," she said, "to live like a dog and die like a dog all the days of her life."

IN the old French war, as it is called, a gentleman by the name of *Briant*, was chaplain on board an armed vessel. In the same vessel was an Irish barber of considerable wit and humour. The chaplain was naturally facetious, and loved a *good turn*; and would therefore often divert himself in conversation with this barber. One day while under his hands, he asked him if he knew the *O'Briens* in Ireland? The barber replied that he did. "Well," said his Reverence, "that was my family's name originally; but after we left our country, we began to be ashamed of the *O'* and have now got our name to *Briant*: But, added he, we need not be ashamed of the family; for it was a high family in Ireland." "And indeed it was," replied the shaver, in the brogue of his country, "for I have seen some of them so big that their feet could not touch the ground."

ACERTAIN clergyman used to examine his servants every Sunday after having been to church, what they remembered, requiring them always at least to tell him the text. Having one day examined a negro

fellow, whom he had often threatened, and all to no purpose; and being quite out of patience at his constant heedlessness and stupidity, he bade him go and get a stick in order to be flogg'd. The fellow, with reluctant step, scratching his ears, went out muttering complaints against himself as well as his master; " 'trange, never can member;—master always 'colding; and now is going to lick me; all dese tings are 'gainst me—I vow I've got it," exclaim'd he in a rapture, as indeed he had. Upon which his master with a smile dismissed him.

AT a court term in one of our remote counties, a newly appointed Judge elegantly clad in his new suit of clothes, went into a tavern where was a promiscuous concourse of good, bad and indifferent; among them he espied one of his neighbours, whom, though rude and unpolished, he thought he must condescend to speak to. "How d'ee, father Swinton," said he. The old man looking up, and pretending not to know him, answered, "why who are you?" "Why don't you know me," replied the Judge? "Know you," said the other, "it isn't the high sheriff, is it?" "No" answered his honour, "it is the high sheriff's master." "Ab!" replied the old fellow with seeming concern, *I did not know the D—l was so near me.*"

WHILE the troops were at Cambridge, in 1775, an Indian Chief from one of the western tribes, was on his way to visit them. It so happened that he was detained a number of days at a gentleman's house in —. While he was there, the gentleman's daughter received a visit from her suitor. One evening the honest native thought to divert himself a little in their company, and went up stairs—but when he entered their chamber, he stood like one struck with surprise, and cries out, *Ho! Bed—No do fo me Indians!*—Why, says the spark, we can be good here as well as any where. *Yes! yes! and you can be wicked more better.*

SEAT



For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

FRAGMENT,

From the WELCH of LLEWARCH HEN.

RAVE son of Belimaur ! thy glorious beams
Are set ; around the wide extended hall
No heroes croud ; nor burnish'd armour gleams ;
Nor battles' trumpet wakes at Glwaith's loud call.

Silence and death have spread contagion round ;
The day, the night of sorrow hastens along ;
Penfive and sad thy servants press the ground ;
And mute is victory's shout, and triumph's song.

No festal bard, nor gay harmonick band,
With blithe enchantment seize the listning soul :
Hush'd is the harp ; unnerv'd the Lyrift's hand ;
Nor wonted musick crowns the sparkling bowl.

The foot of time, a foot we never hear,
Has trodden on the red moist sanguine shield ;
Thy corflet, war worn helm, and massy spear,
Cover'd with dust, lay scatter'd o'er the field.

The spider's web around thy arms is drawn ;
But can she weave oblivion's thick warp'd shroud ?
Ah no ! thy glory like the blaze of morn,
Bright as the sun, rolls back each mantling cloud.

The wayward stranger passing near yon hill
Shall stop, to view the mansion of the brave ;
And memory's eye with precious tears shall fill
As musing solemn at the moss clad grave.

Rude hollow winds that whistle through the vale,
Shall bear the tidings of thy deathless fame ;
And busy fancy with officious tale ;
In kneeling warriours light a kindred flame.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

O D E

Upon the Arrival of THE PRESIDENT
of the UNITED STATES.

*Ut mater juvenem, quem Notus invido
Flatu Carpathi trans maris aquora
Cunctantum spatio longius annuo*

Dulci distinet a domo,

*Votis, omnibusque, et precibus vocat ;
Curvo nec faciem littore demovet ;
Sic desideris ita fidelibus*

Quærit patria WASHINGTON.

HORACE.

R E C I T A T I V E.

HE comes ! the Hero comes ! tis He !
Who gave to Howe this high decree,
"Avaunt—Begone."—He bow'd—He fled ;
And hallow'd Freedom rais'd her head,
Where Clinton shook th' avenging rod,
And round thy courts, Almighty God !
Burgoyne, by impious phrenzy driven,
Taught the war steed to mock at Heaven.

A I R.

Massachusetts Arise !
Seize the Trumpet of Fame,
Tone it loud—and proclaim,
Glorious WASHINGTON's name,

The first born of the skies !

R E C I T A T I V E.

He comes ! the Chieftain comes ! All hail !
'Twas his on Trenton's crimson'd vale—
And Princeton's lawn—and Brandywine,
To whelm in dust Britannia's line ;
'Twas his, to lead Columbia's train
To deathless deeds, on Monmouth's plain ;
Or bid the storm of battle cease,
When proud Cornwallis fu'd for peace.

A I R.

Swell the pean divine ;
Earth repeat it again !
Ocean echo the strain !
Heaven thunder amen !

Columbia ! GEORGE WASHINGTON's thine !

R E C I T A T I V E.

He comes ! the Patriot comes ! 'tis he !
Who fought to make his country free ;
Whom no ambition fir'd to arms ;
And when the clarion's shrill alarms,
Rouz'd not in wrath an angry world,
Laid by those bolts which virtue hurl'd,
And bade unconquer'd legions turn,
From war's rude mound—to concord's bourne.

A I R.

A. I. R.

Heroes ! mark his retreat !
Fair abode ! beauteous clime !
Second Eden of time !

Is great WASHINGTON's seat !

RECITATIVE.

He comes ! He comes ! He comes ! 'Tis He !
Kings ! Princes ! Nations ! bow the knee !
Ye worlds ! pronounce, "Thy will be done;"
The patriot Hero WASHINGTON !
Above a Crown—a Scepter—Throne,
Rules in the heart supreme—alone,
And millions leagu'd in love's strong chain,
United shout—God bless his reign.

GRAND CHORUS.

Glorious WASHINGTON sway !

All the realms of the west,
And in blessing, be blest,
Till th' Eternal's behest
Shall summon thy subjects away :
Then call'd to the sky,
Sacred virtue's abode !
Reign forever with Gon !
In the mansions on high !

G. R.

Boston, October, 1789.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

An AUTUMNAL ELEGY.

By DANIEL GEORGE.

O let us tune ——————
One tender farewell to the fading year.

LANGHORNE.

RETIRING Phebus, lend thy friendly aid,
And with thy votary drop a tender tear ;
While hills, and dales, in solemn brown arrayed,
Heave their big sighs for the declining year.
Sweet Flora weeps—her short lived glory gone,
And all her beauties fade, decay, and fly.
To fan the flowers beneath the southern sky.
Gay Summer, winged with sun beams, takes her flight,
And bids adieu to hyperborean skies ;
Envelop'd in the tedious gloom of night,
The adjacent, arctic, frozen region lies.

No more the lovely nymphs with pleasure rove
Where the sweet woodbines creep, or
Nor ramble thro' the lately verdant grove,
To hear the airy songsters sweetly sing.

No more the whippoorwill's melodious strains
Enhance the pleasures of the silent night ;
But noxious vapours hover o'er the plains,
And Cynthia shines with interrupted light.

No more we hear the sweetly cooing dove ;
Nor notes breathed softly by the enchanting thrush ;

No more the billing sparrow fights his love ;
Nor blackbird flutters on the trembling bush.

No more the purling streams have power to charm ;
Nor on their flowery banks invite to As Autumn comes, the naiads take alarm,
And hide themselves within their oozy dome.

No more we court the cooling, friendly shade ;

Nor mossy plats beneath the poplar tree :
All nature, once in grateful green arrayed,
Lies now, disrobed, in sad deformity.

Farewell, green hills ! farewell, ye flowery vales !

Where nature sported with unbounded glee :
Flora, farewell ! adieu, ye gentle gales,
That softly whispered thro' the smiling tree.

Farewell, gay Summer, clad in robes of green,

To distant regions thou must quickly fly :
Farewell, ye groves ! adieu, each flowery scene

Whose glittering charms excell'd the grove,
Ye purling streams, ye watery blue eyed maidens,

Ye feathered songsters, brethren of the Ye mossy plats, ye cooling, friendly shades,
Adieu to all—adieu to you and love.—

Cold Boreas now usurps his iron sway,
And with impetuous fury rushes forth ;—
Then cease my song—then cease my plaintive lay,
Chilled by the brumal influence of the north.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

To CONSTANTIA.

Writer of the beautiful "INVOCATION TO HOPE!" and the "PASTORAL ELEGY"—which enriched the Monthly Museum—July and September.

ACCEPT fair Poetess who'er thou art !
These free effusions of a "feeling heart,"
Thy language elegant, thy sente refin'd,
Implies such gentle purity of mind,
That while we read thy sweetly polish'd lays,
Our bosoms breathe involuntary praise.

Thy Invocation we delighted view !
And sigh ! that Hope ! ideal and untrue !
So often paints the visionary joy !
Which real misery ! can soon destroy.

But sure thy Pastoral Elegy sublime !
Might sooth the sorrows of the gloomiest clime,
Might reconcile the friendless and forlorn
To bear the griefs which they in silence mourn,

When such allusive balm allays their woes !
As from thy lovely pen harmonious flows.

Continue then thy tender plaintive strains,
And with "the soul of musick" calm our pains !
Cheat thy own sorrows, with an art so pure,
Till virtue's precepts, brightest joys insure ;

Th.

Th' untrang'd hours, of anxious thought
beguile,
And teach the penfive moments how to smile,
To smile benignly on the woes that wait,
Molefting blessings in this adverse state ;
Endue the spotless sheet with power to charm
And let the "magic" page thy griefs disarm.
EUPHELIA.

October 12, 1789.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

A REMNANT :

Or SEQUEL of a LEGENDARY TALE.
Written in 1774.

"THE bliss ! of giving bliss !" Oh let
me share !
Has ever been Cleora's secret prayer !
Her heart is open, tender, void of guile,
And in her eyes shine candour's gentle
smile.
No dazzling beauties in her form appear,
But then her soul is friendly and sincere ;
No vain ambition to be often seen
Disturbs a life retired and serene.
Denied the fortune, others largely boast,
Extensive charity's sweet joys are lost.
Yet still the power from her humble store
To "send the unhappy smiling from" her
"door."
She wish'd for wealth, but wish'd it to im-
And foot the sorrows of the sighing heart.
One Summer's day at early dawn she
rose,
From balmy slumber and from calm re-
She smil'd devotion as she breath'd the air,
And view'd the blooming face of nature
fair ;
Great Power Divine ! She all admiring
Throughout thy works what beauties are
portray'd.
O'er verdant fields, and o'er the flow'ry
She stray'd along, as fancy seem'd to lead.
Creation's charms absorb'd her ev'ry
thought,
'Till pale distress her charity besought ;
The voice of anguish vibrates on her ear
And sighs of plaintive sorrow, prompt the
tear.
Cleora's tears were ever apt to fall
Her sympathetick bosom felt for all.
She turn'd, to seek from whence the
mournful sound,
And by her side the unhappy object found,
Who trembled, sigh'd, and supplicating
said,
"Ah ! must my child in the cold earth be
Alas ! who will support my feeble age,
Friendless, forlorn, who can my woes af-
fuge ;
The affliting hand of kindness yet might
And keep him back from a too early
grave !"
"Then lead me" said Cleora, "lead me
Thy son is sick, and do not yet despair !"
Soon in the wretched *Hut* the youth she
saw
Languid and fainting on a bed of straw,
No comforts to restore a state so weak,

All things around, sad poverty bespeak.
The mother thus her miseries express'd,
" 'Twas by a fever first we were distress'd,
But now he languishes for want of bread,
And soon he will be number'd with the
dead."
"No" said Cleora "no, he will not die !
Be more compos'd, on Heaven's care rely ;
If cordial nourishment can life revive !
Be calm, be patient, and thy child may
live."

She hasted home, refreshment to afford,
By which the suffering boy might be re-
stor'd.

The mother and the son unite to bless !
The generous foother of their keen distress.
Replete with gratitude each added day
Both for her happiness with fervour pray !
While her enjoyment cannot be express'd,
"The blessings of the poor" her sumptuous
feast,

A "Banquet" only to the virtuous known,
For "Peace ! Ob ! Virtue ! Peace is all thy
own." — DORINDA.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.
EXTRACTS from the ZENITH of
GLORY; a MANUSCRIPT ODE.

Consequences of the battle at Breed's Hill—Appoint-
ment of his Excellency General Wash-
ington—His answer to Congress, &c.

THESE tidings roll'd from state to
state,
Inspiring wrath, revenge, and hate ;
And freedom's genius flew,
To kindle youth's vindictive rage,
Or warm the palsied limbs of age,
With vital powers anew.

Then Congress spake th' omnifick word,
"George Washington ! gird on thy sword,
And point our sons the path,
Where clad in steel, and bath'd in gore,
Thy host shall dare the Lion's roar,
And tempt Britannia's wrath.

The rising ghosts of freemen slain,
Aloud of mighty wrong complain,
And thunder, peal on peal ;
To arms ! to arms ! oppose ! oppose !
Though Titan strength should nerve your
foes,
And trample nature's seal.

Behold the tyrant Pharoah's rod,
Whelms low in dust, the works of God,
And ruin marks his way :
See ! prostrate commerce plaintive weep !
See ! man forbid to range the deep !
And famine pant for prey.

Shall millions to existence burst,
Pronounce their fathers names accurst,
Or cry, *ye made us slaves !*
Shall thousands clank loud rattling chains,
Athwart Columbia's groaning plains,
And damn their parent's graves ?

Great God, forbid ! so black a crime,
In Asia's realms, and India's clime,
Has earth'd the tree of woe.
Let flaming swords our Eden shield ;
Fair

Fair liberty's full branches yield ;
And freedom's scyons blow.
Here, Plunder opes the grasping hand ;
There, Rapine leads his prowling band ;
Arouze for war : Be strong !
Th'enkindled torch vindictive burns,
And on, to martyr'd patriots' urns,
Impels th' avenging throng !

See, all the rights of men destroy'd !
See, Havock's half starv'd dogs employ'd !
"Tis blood ! 'Tis blood ! that cries :
Go—brave the scenes of dubious fight,
Th' ETERNAL clothe thy arm with
might,
And shield, ye righteous skies !"

The CHIEF replied, " Thrice honour'd
power !
My country's hope, in danger's hour !
Accept of thanks sincere ;
This high, important, glorious trust,
On earth the noblest, greatest, first,
Awakes a conscious fear.

Yet, as devote to virtue's call,
My talents ! time ! life ! fortune ! all !
Henceforth are freely given.
No PAY be mine, in freedom's cause
Except Columbia's pure applause
And the kind smiles of Heaven."

The modest answer, empire heard,
With WASHINGTON, belov'd, rever'd,
She scorn'd inglorious life.
From east to west, from south to north,
Ten thousand thousand fell'd forth,
And urg'd to warlike strife.

Instant was fix'd that strong barrier,
Which Albion check'd in mid career,
When sure of vict'ry's crown ;
And circumscrib'd the pompous boast
Of marching to Savannah's coast
Within one single town.

In vain did Howe's gonfalons stream,
Or Clinton's glittering standard beam.
Rutt seiz'd on Burgoyne's blade.
Lull'd by inaction's syren charms,
The Trio slept in Circe's arms,
Or acted Farce Blockade.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

HORACE, Ode 29, Book I. Imitated.
Inscribed to a young Student who left Col-
lege for the Camp.

Written in 1777.

IS it my friend, the hopes of spoil,
That leads you forth to martial toil ?
Can all the wealth of India's clime,
Her spices—gold—and pompt sublime,
Or blest Arabia's balmy breath,
Turn back the iron shaft of death ?

Why then for what on Fame's proud car,
Does Florio rush to horrid war ;
Where Hessians throng Columbia's plains,
And wild destruction lawless reigns ;

Where Albion's bold unconquer'd host
Rage round the land—or girt the coast.

Will Ladies of Reidesel's train,
Whose Lords on battle's heath were slain,
Submissive bow—attentive stand,
And own a Rebel's stern command ?
Or Irish trulls, and Heaven knows who,
With gracious smiles look up to you ?

Will Onolafchou's captur'd fair,
Whose limbs are dip'd in oil of bear ;
Or children from Missouri's flood,
Where infant arrows drink of blood,
Resign their father's sounding bow,
And fill the punch bowl—bending low ?

Sure, streams may backward seek their
source,
And rivers upward roll the course,
Since Florio, taught in better things,
Now on the snorting war steed springs,
And changes for a soldier's coat,
Truths Plato spake—and Tully wrote.

To the EDITORS of the MASSACHUSETTS
MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,
If you deem the following worthy a place in
your Monthly Publication, by inserting it,
you will oblige a CORRESPONDENT.

The LOVER's COMPLAINT.

I.
NATURE is plum'd in rich array ;
The feather'd songsters sweetly sing ;
Melodious notes from every spray,
Proclaim the gay return of spring.

II.
The gentle Zephyr's balmy gale
Breathes sweet ambrosia o'er the plain ;
While echoing notes enchant the vale,
And joyful love crowns every swain.

III.
The rosy finger of the morn
Unlocks the portals of the east,
With blushes gilds the dewy lawn,
And smiles delight in every breast.

IV.
Alas ! to me no spring returns,
Successive winters sadly reign ;
While Thrysus for his *Delia* burns,
And plaintive sighs breathe love in vain.

V.
No tabors charm the lonesome night ;
The turtle's notes no more resound ;
Elysian fields no more delight ;
And silence draws her curtains round.

VI.
Your sprightly lays, rude warblers, cease,
No pleasures paint the cheek of morn ;
Despair shall every heart embrace,
And sorrow rule the gloomy lawn.

Cambridge, Oct. 29th, 1789. J. L.

The

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The RURAL RETREAT.

Set by Mr. WILLIAM SELBY.

Sha-dy groves and purl-ing rills,

Walks, where quiv-ring moon-beams play,

Sha-dy groves and purl-ing rills,

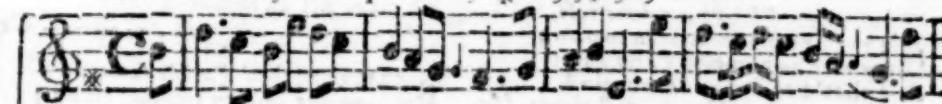
Walks, where quiv-ring moon-beams play,

Leave all hopes and fears behind,
Give up pleasures' splendid toys,
All you wish you'll quickly find,
Peace and quiet's calmer joys.

But if passion haunts you still,
If in love with pomp and power,
Tranquil vale and murmur'ring rill,
Cannot charm the heart an hour.

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

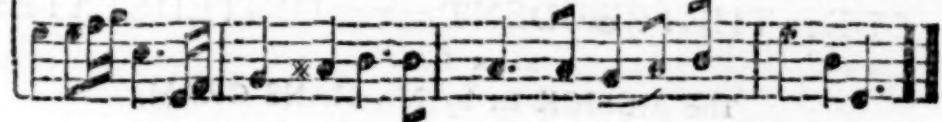
ODE TO COLUMBIA's FAVOURITE SON.

Sung by the INDEPENDENT MUSICAL SOCIETY, on the arrival of THE PRESIDENT
at the TRIUMPHAL ARCH, in BOSTON, October 24, 1789.SOLO.—*The Bass to this part to be sung very softly by one voice.*

Great Washington, the Hero's come, Each heart exulting hears the sound; See!

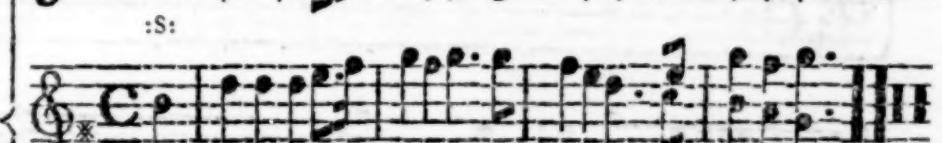
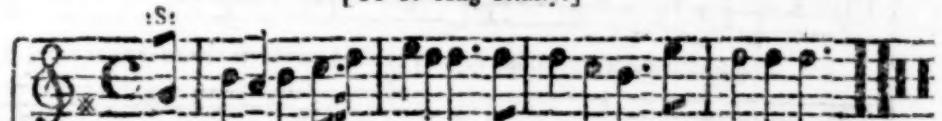


thousands their de-liv' - rer throng, And shout him wel - come all a - round.



Chorus.

[To be sung briskly.]



Now in full chorus burst the song, And shout the deeds of Washington!



II.

There view Columbia's Favourite Son,
Her Father, Saviour, Friend and Guide!
There see th' Immortal WASHINGTON!
His Country's Glory, Boast and Pride!

Now in full Chorus, &c.

III.

When the impending storm of war,
Thick clouds and darkness hid our way,
Great WASHINGTON, our Polar Star,
Arose, and all was light as day!

Now in full Chorus, &c.

IV.

His bleeding country rous'd his soul,
Fair Freedom fir'd the Warriour's breast,
And drew the glitt'ring faulchion bold,
And round him clasp'd the martial vest.

Now in full Chorus, &c.

V.

Then nobly spake th' intrepid Chief,
"Freedom or Death be now my fate!
"This burnish'd blade no more I'll sheathe,
"Till Paria's made an Empire great!"

Now in full Chorus, &c.

October, 178

I

VI.

This said, the Hero bent his way,
Where thousands throng'd war's deathful
At his approach, Fear fled away, [coast ;
And dauntless brav'ry fir'd the host !

Now in full Chorus, &c.

VII.

'Twas on yon Plains his valour rose,
And ran like fire from man to man ;
'Twas here he humbled Paria's foes,
And chanc'd an army to the main !

Now in full chorus, &c.

VIII.

Thro' countless dangers, toils and cares,
Our hero led us safely on ;
With matchless skill directs the wars,
'Till vict'ry cries---the day's his own !

Now in full Chorus, &c.

IX.

His country sav'd, the contest o'er,
Sweet Peace restor'd, his toils to crown,

The Warriour to his native shore
Returns, and tills his fertile ground.

Now in full Chorus, &c.

X.

But soon Columbia call'd him forth,
Again to save her sinking fame,
To take the Helm, and by his worth
To make her an immortal name !

Now in full Chorus, &c.

XI.

Nor yet alone thro' Paria's shores,
Has fame her mighty trumpet blown ;
E'en Europe, Africk, Asia, hears,
And emulate the deeds he's done !

Now in full Chorus, &c.

XII.

Accept, great Chief, this tribute due,
To deeds of virtue such as thine ;
Thy glorious footstep we'll pursue
And in our hearts thy worth enshrine !

Now in full Chorus, &c.

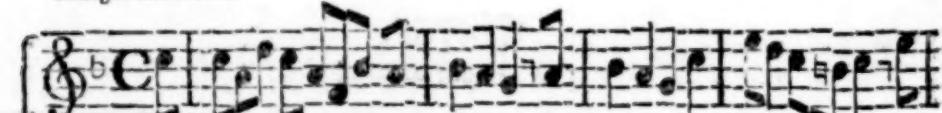
FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

ODE TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

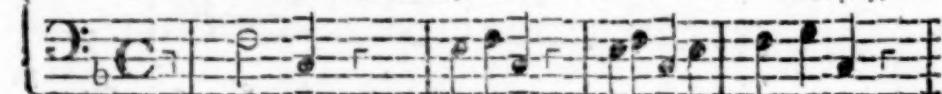
BY A LADY.

The MUSICK set by Mr. HANS GRAM.

Allegro moderato.



The season sheds its mildest ray, O'er the blue waves the sunbeams play, The



bending harvest gilds the plain, The tow'ring vevels pres the main, The ruddy ploughman



quits his toil, The pallid miser leaves his spoil, And grateful peans hail the smiling



year, Which bids Columbia's Guardian God appear.

Chorus.

And grateful paens hail the smiling year, Which bids Columbia's Guardian God appear.

[The four bars in the last line belong to the four parts of the Chorus; one bar to each part; the first bar to the Treble; second to the Counter; third to the Tenor; and the last to the Bass.]

II.

Hence Disappointment's anxious eye,
And pale Affliction's lingering sigh;
Let sorrow from the brow be torn,
And every heart forget to mourn;
Let smiles of peace their charms display
To grace this joy devoted day.

*And where that arm preserv'd the peopled plain,
Shall mild Contentment hold her placid reign.*

III.

Let "white rob'd choir" in beauty gay,
With lucid flow'rets strew the way;
Let roses deck the scented lawn,
And lilachs lift their purple form;
Let domes in circling honours spread,
And wreaths adorn that glorious head.

*To thee, great WASHINGTON, each lyre
be strung,
Thy matchless deeds by every bard be sung.*

IV.

When Freedom rais'd her drooping head,
Thy arm her willing heroes led;
And when her hopes to thee resign'd,
Were resting on thy godlike mind;
How did that break, to fear unknown,
And feeling for her fate alone.

*O'er danger's threat'ning form the faul-
chion'd field,
And tread with dauntless steps the crin-
fon'd field.*

V.

Not Decius for his country slain,
Nor Cincinnatus, deathless name!
Camillus, who could wrongs despise,
And scorning wealth, to glory rise,
Could such exalted worth display,
Or shine with such unclouded ray.

*Of Age the NORE, of Youth the LEAD-
ING STAR,
The SOUL of Peace, the CONQUERING
ARM OF WAR.*

President in his military character. Over the center arch, a rich canopy of 20 feet in height was erected, with the American Eagle perched above; the whole forming a spectacle, which, while it captivated the eye of the beholder, added much to the testimonials of the respect of the day.

After the Ode was sung, the Procession passed the President, and proceeded into Courtstreet, where the whole were dismissed.

The military companies then escorted the President to his residence in Courtstreet, after which they returned into Statestreet, gave three volleys, and were dismissed.

The number of people collected to see their beloved President, it is almost impossible to compute—The streets were crowded—

*You would have thought the very windows
mow'd*

*To see him as he pass'd, so many young and old,
Through casements darted their desiring eyes.*
But from the precautions taken, and more from the occasion of their meeting, no one accident happened to mar the pleasure enjoyed on the auspicious day.

In the evening fireworks were exhibited in several parts of the town---In Statestreet, the Bunch of Grapes, the Eastern Coffee-house, HAYT's and JONES's Rooms, &c. made a handsome appearance; and several fireworks were let off from the Castle, and from the French ships, which were beautifully illuminated.

On Tuesday the 27th instant, The President dined at Faneuil Hall, with the Vice-president, Lt. Gouvernor, Council, Hon. Mr. Bowdoin, Judges of the Supreme Court, Officers of his Most Christian Majesty's Squadron, Foreign Consuls, President of Harvard College, Clergy, Military Officers, &c. to the number of 150. The Hall was beautifully ornamented with the several Flags which had been displayed in the Procession.

During the President's stay in town, he received the respects of His Excellency the Gouvernor---the Viscount de Ponteves Gien, and other officers of his Christian Majesty's Squadron---the Cincinnati, &c.---He visited the Gouvernor---the Hon. Mr. Bowdoin---the fleet of His Most Christian Majesty, where he was received with the respect usually paid European Sovereigns---the Oratorio at the Chapel---the Assembly at Concert Hall, &c. He also visited the Duck Manufactory, and the Card Manufactory of Messrs. Richards and Co. with both which he was much pleased.

Not confined to the male creation are the testimonials of respect paid to the illustrious PRESIDENT of the United States---The ladies have invented fashions on which the *bald eagle* of the union, and G. W. hold conspicuous places; and at the *Oratorio* on Tuesday, the Marchioness Traversay, exhibited on the bandeau of her hat the G. W. and the *Eagle* set in brilliants on a black velvet ground.

Departure of THE PRESIDENT.

On Thursday morning, at eight o'clock, THE PRESIDENT of the United States sat out from his residence in Courtstreet, on his journey eastward, escorted by Major GIBB's horse, and accompanied by a large number of citizens and others, on horseback, and in carriages, among whom were the Adjutantgeneral, Capt. LINZEE, Col. GREEN, and other officers of the Boston Regiment. On passing Charles river bridge, which was finely decorated with flags of all nations, and of the construction of which he was pleased to express his approbation, he was saluted by a discharge of 11 guns, from Capt. CALDER's artillery posted on the celebrated heights of Charlestown. At Cambridge he was received in the Philosophy Room of the University, by the President and Corporation, and after breakfasting he viewed the Library, Museum, &c. He then continued his journey, and having halted a few minutes at Lynn, the gentlemen who were in carriages took their leave. The escort being joined by Capt. Osgood's company of horse, The President proceeded to Marblehead, where he dined with Gen. GLOVER---After viewing the town he sat out for Salem, where, on his arrival, he was saluted by discharges of cannon from the fort at that place, and from the Independent Artillery, and by ringing of all the bells. At the entrance of the town he was met by a committee, who conducted him into town, where he reviewed two regiments of Gen. Fisk's brigade, and several independent corps. From the field of review, he was escorted by the Independent Cadets, and followed by the principal inhabitants in Procession, to the Court house, into the balcony of which he was conducted by the Hon. Mr. GOODRUE. Contiguous to the Courthouse, a temporary gallery was erected, covered with rich Persian carpets, decorated with damask curtains, from which a choir of singers saluted their illustrious visitant with an Ode adapted to the occasion. After this, the Hon. Mr. GOODRUE, Chairman of the Committee of the town, presented the President with an Address, and received from him his answer, in the presence of the assembled citizens, who amounted to several thousands, and who sent the air with their acclamations. The President, escorted as before, then proceeded to the House prepared for his reception, and in the evening honoured the Assembly with his company, where a brilliant circle exhibited a fine specimen of taste, elegance and beauty.

In the evening the Courthouse was brilliantly illuminated, and a number of handsome fireworks let off.

Friday morning, at 8 o'clock, the President sat out from Salem, escorted by Capt. Osgood's horse, and breakfasted with the Hon. Mr. CABOT in Beverly---at which place he viewed the Cotton Manufactory, and then continued his journey, escorted by the Ipswich and Woburn, Andover

way and Haverhill troops of cavalry, and arrived at Newburyport about 3 o'clock, P.M. At the entrance of Newburyport he was met by the Selectmen of the town, who, with four companies of the militia, the company of Artillery, and the Marshal of Massachusetts, preceded The President and his suite into town---after whom followed a very respectable procession of the citizens, and the troops of horse. In the evening fire works, &c. were exhibited.

The next morning he sat out for Portsmouth, where he arrived the same day, and on Sunday evening attended the Nuptials of Mr. Lear, his principal Secretary, with an amiable young lady, of that town. We have not learnt what particular demonstrations of respect our Newhampshire brethren have shewn their illustrious Visitant, but from the preparations we are assured they made, we must suppose them to be brilliant and affectionate.

The President has been pleased, with the advice and consent of the Senate, to make the following appointments, viz.

Hon. Thomas Jefferson, Secretary of State. Hon. Edmund Randolph, Attorney-general. Hon. Samuel Osgood, Postmaster-general. William Carmichael, Esq. Charges des Affaires from the United States to the court of Spain.

Hon. John Jay, Chiefjustice. Hon. John Rutledge, of Southcarolina, James Wilson, Pennsylvania, William Cushing, Massachusetts, Robert H. Garrison, Maryland, and John Blair, Virginia, Associate Judges.

DISTRICT JUDGES.

Maine, Hon. David Sewall. Newhampshire, John Sullivan. Massachusetts, John Lowell. Connecticut, Richard Law. Newyork, James Duane. Newjersey, Hon. D. Beale. Pennsylvania, Francis Hopkinson. Delaware, Gunning Bedford. Maryland, Thomas Johnson. Virginia, Edward Pendleton. Southcarolina, Thomas Pinckney. Georgia, Nathaniel Pendleton. Kentucky, Henry Innes.

ATTORNEYS.

Maine, William Lithgow. Newhampshire, Samuel Sherburne. Massachusetts, Christopher Gore. Connecticut, Pierpoint Edwards. Newyork, Mr. Garrison. Newjersey, Robert Stockton. Pennsylvania, William Lewis. Delaware, George Read, jun. Maryland, Joseph Potts. Virginia, John M'Whall. Southcarolina, John J. Pringle. Georgia, Matthew M'Callister. Kentucky, G. Nichols.

MARSHALS.

Maine, Henry Dearborn. Newhampshire, John Parker. Massachusetts, Jonathan Jackson. Connecticut, Phillip Bradley. Pennsylvania, Clement Biddle. Delaware, Allen M'Lean. Maryland, Nathaniel Ramsey. Virginia, Edward Carrington. Southcarolina, Isaac Huger. Georgia, Robert Forsyth. Kentucky, Samuel M'Dowell.

The President of the United States, by request of Congress, has appointed *Thursday*, the *twenty sixth* day of *November*, to be observed as a day of **PUBLICK THANKSGIVING and PRAYER**, throughout the states in the union.

The Congress of the United States was adjourned, by the President, on Tuesday the 29th ult. to the first Monday in January, then to meet at the city of Newyork.

In the town of Dartmouth, county of Plymouth, is an apple tree of so strange a quality, that one half of an apple growing thereon is sour, and the other half of the same apple is sweet. A tree of a similar kind grows in the Rev. Mr. Reed's orchard, in Petersham, county of Worcester.

On the 8th of October inst. William Smith, Wm. Dennofer, and Rachel Wall, were executed on the common in this town, agreeably to their sentence, for highway robbery.

At Scituate (Rhodeisland) this season was the following extraordinary growth of pumpkins: From one seed was raised 77 pumpkins, above a dozen of which weighed between 30 and 40 pounds each.

The Hon. Moses Robinson is chosen Gov. of Vermont, *vice* Gov. Cbittenden.

The King of Spain has given orders for a voyage round the world, under the direction of the Chevalier Malaspina, an Italian, and Captain of a frigate. The principal object of the voyage is to obtain exact hydrographic charts of the immense shores of the south sea, and the Archipelago of the Philippines.

A Kingston, [Jamaica] paper, August 19, has the following paragraph: "We are informed, as a fact, that a circumstance, perhaps as extraordinary as ancient or modern ages have ever produced, occurred in this town a few days ago, to a young Jewels, daughter of Mr. Jacob Mendes Cunha, deceased. The girl, who is about 14 years of age, had been entirely dumb, and very nearly deaf, from her most early age; and being present when her father was in the most agonizing struggles of death, on that event happening, she was so strongly affected as to fall into violent fits; upon the recovery from which, to the utter astonishment and terror of all persons present, she began to articulate, and with every mark of the most poignant grief, bewail the loss of her deceased parent, in terms clearly and perfectly to be understood."

MARRIAGES.

MASSACHUSETTS. In Boston, William Shaw, Esq. to Miss Proctor, eldest daughter to Edward Proctor, Esq. Mr. Edward Blanchard to Miss Polly Cunningham; Mr. Joshua Thomas, Printer, to Mrs. Anna Thompson; Mr. Thomas Adams, Printer, to Miss Polly Bright; Mr. Elijah Adams, to Miss Judith Townlend; Noah Webster, jun. Esq. of Hartford, to Miss Rebeccah Greenleaf, daughter of William Greenleaf, Esq.---At Bridgewater, Mr. Daniel Bryant,

of Watertown, to Miss Jennet Mitchel.---At Pepperell, Mr. Giles Richards, of Boston, to Miss Sally Adams.---At Hull, Mr. Stephen Binney, to Miss Polly Jones.---At Barnstable, Mr. John Gilkey, to Miss Bacon; Mr. Thomas Stutson, to Miss Polly Hinkley.---At Kittery, Capt. Tristam Jorden, of Biddeford, to Miss Polly Fernald.---At Salem, Mr. Benjamin Pickman, jun. to Miss Nancy Derby.---At Roxbury, Mr. Thomas Hunt, of Stockbridge, to Miss Polly Patten.

SOUTHCAROLINA. At Charleston, Mr. Henry Doggett, merchant, formerly of Boston, to Miss Nancy Relfe.

DELAWARE. Mr. Robert Pork, merchant, to Miss Catharine Hogg.

ORDAINED. J. At Boxford, (north parish) Rev. Peter Eaton. At London, Newhampshire, Rev. Jedediah Tucker. At Alstead, Newhampshire, Rev. Levi Lankton. At Topsham, county of Lincoln, Rev. Jonathan Ellis.

D E A T H S.

MASSACHUSETTS. In Boston, Mrs. Mary Ball, aged 66; Mrs. Susannah Jarvis, wife of Nathaniel Jarvis, aged 29; Mrs. Ann Sears, wife of David Sears, Esq. aged 34; Master James P. Hubbard, aged 10; Miss Polly Vokes, aged 20; Miss Sukey Warner, aged 10; Miss Phoebe Frost, aged 39; Capt. David Bell; Mrs. Elizabeth Collins, wife of Mr. Clement Collins; Mrs. Mehitable Bracket, aged 48.---At Norton, Miss Catharine Wetherell, aged 24.---At Braintree, Mrs. Silence Hayward, aged 73;

Mr. Charles Baxter, aged 72; Mrs. Mary Baxter.---At Malden, Mrs. Hannah Cook, aged 30.---At Brooklyne, Rev. Thomas Abbot.---At Newburyport, Capt. James Nichols, aged 53.---At Leominster, aged 77, Rev. John Rogers.---At Lenox, Mrs. Sarah Walker, wife of William Walker, Esq.---At Yarmouth, Mr. William Basset.---At Marblehead, Mrs. Grace Prentiss, wife of Mr. Joshua Prentiss, merchant, aged 46.---At Danvers, Miss Elizabeth Osborn, aged 72.---At Beverly, (by falling from a ladder while painting) Mr. Benjamin Stanley, aged 23.

RHODE ISLAND. At Southkingstown, Rowse J. Helme, Esq.---At Providence, Mrs. Abigail Reynolds, aged 29; Mr. Thomas Crapon, drowned; Mrs. Ann Thurber, aged 36; Mrs. Mary Crawford.

NEW YORK. In the city of Newyork, Mr. John Loudon, Printer, by a ball, at a review.

VERMONT. At Harland, Paul Spooner, Esq. one of the Judges of the Supreme Court.

CONNECTICUT. At Newlondon, Mrs. Dowset, aged 103.

NEW JERSEY. Mrs. Elizabeth Witherpoon, wife of the Rev. Dr. Witherpoon, President of the College of Newjersey.

GEORGIA. At Savannah, John Bartlett, Esq. aged 26; late of Newburyport.

FOREIGN DEATHS.
At Berlin, Prussia, Baron Knyphausen, the Hessian General in America during the late war, aged 59.---At Guadalupe, Mr. John Baptist Arionon, aged 108.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS, for SEPTEMBER, 1789.

D.	Barometer.			Thermometer.			Wind.	Weather.
	7 A.M.	1 P.M.	9 P.M.	7 A.M.	1 P.M.	9 P.M.		
1	29 83	29 81	29 73	46 5	67	57	W. S.	Frost. Fair. Rain.
2	49	43	37	63	71	66	S.	Rain. Fair.
3	42	50	61	62	63	53	SW. W.	Rain, Fair.
4	64	65	66	54	64 5	55	W. SW.	Fair.
5	66	66	72	50	65	54	W.	Fair.
D	80	86	97	54 5	65 5	59	W. NW. W.	Fair.
7	30 09	30 15	30 16	48 5	68 5	53	NW. E.	Fair.
8	23	27	23	47	71	58	S.	Fair.
9	20	17	11	56	75	56	S.	Fair.
10	00	29 92	29 81	53	75	64 5	S.	Cloudy, Fair.
11	29	78	80	63	75	58 5	W.	Fair.
12	79	76	72	60 5	76	69	W. E. NE.	Cloudy, Fair.
D	62	62	72	65 5	78	58 5	E. W.	Rain, Fair.
14	82	85	81	55	72	57	W. E.	Fair.
15	73	67	60	62	68	63	SE. E. S.	Cloud. Rain, Fair.
16	78	86	89	52 5	66	56	W. NW.	Fair, Cloudy.
17	91	30 00	95	51 5	59	52	NW. NE.	Fair, Rain.
18	93	29 91	88	55	65	55 5	N. NW.	Cloudy, Fair.
19	30 05	30 11	30 11	48	59 5	47 5	NW.	Fair.
D	11	00	29	46 5	71	61	NW. SW.	Fair.
21	29 71	29 74	75	64	82	70	W.	Cloudy, Fair.
22	88	96	98	66	69 5	53 5	NW. E.	Fair.
23	30 00	99	94	54	76	59 5	SE. S.	Fair.
24	29 92	92	92	60	77	58 5	SW. E. SE.	Fair.
25	94	94	89	58 5	68	62	E.	Fog. Fair, Misty.
26	80	77	77	64	74	65	NE. E.	Cloudy, Rain.
D	90	95	81	64	60	57	NE.	Cloudy, Stormy.
28	66	72	77	59	74	67	W.	Cloudy, Fair.
29	77	68	71	55	56	54	NE.	Cloudy.
30	60	63	63	53 5	60	50 5	SW. W.	Fair.